G. M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
2700 GLENWAY AVE.
P. O. BOX 043200
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45204-3200

Orton O. Laine

from his

Sabbath School Class

Dec. 25. 1914.

THE BOOK OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE

G. M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
2700 GLENWAY AVE.
P. O. BOX 043200
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45204-3200

BY

JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "MAKING GOOD," "THE ALASKAN PATHFINDER," "THE LIFE OF DR. J. R. MILLER," ETC.

HODDER & STOUGHTON
NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

931.5
F228b

Copyright, 1913
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

THE QUINN & BODEN CO. PRESS
RAHWAY, N. J.

57422

FOREWORD

THE chapters in this volume have been brought together to illustrate the fact that it is always safe to follow God's leading, and that it is never safe not to follow Him. It is always reasonable to look for a blessing in the most unpleasant paths, if God is our Guide. It is always unreasonable to expect a blessing in the most promising paths, if God is not our Guide. It is never the journey we take, but the guide we follow, that determines our prosperity.

May the faith of readers who are already making God their Guide be strengthened by these records that harmonize with their own experience, and may readers who have hesitated to let God guide them be persuaded by the experience of others that it is safe to trust their lives to Him.

J. T. F.

July, 1913.

THE FATHER 'S CARE

Luke 12: 6. "Not one of them is forgotten before God."

In the trees the birds are singing, in the mountains and the glens,
By the rivers and the brooks and by the sea;
But there's food for all the robins and the tiny little wrens,
And there's bread in His hand for me.

All the meadows bloom with daisies and with dandelions bold,
And the clover-blossoms cover all the lea;
But there's clothing for the lilies and the buttercups of gold,
And there's raiment in His hand for me.

And the clouds of trouble gather, and the stormy wind is heard,
And the angry tempest rages wild and free;
But there's shelter for the sparrow and the little humming-bird,
And there's safety in His arms for me.

And the world is full of children, oh, so many and so fair!
Like the sunbeams as they sparkle on the sea;
But there's room for all the children in the Father's tender care,
And there's room in His heart for me.

—Charles I. Junkin.

CONTENTS

ONE.—OUT OF BONDAGE

		PAGE
I	In the Canyon	1
II	Difficulties	4
III	God Is Here	9
IV	The Sleepless Watcher	11
V	Graven on God's Hands	14

TWO.—GOD IN HISTORY

VI	Overruled	21
VII	The Story of Four Lost Bibles	25
VIII	Victory out of Defeat	31

THREE.—IN EVERYDAY LIFE

IX	No God	39
X	The Path to Life	44
XI	Household Providences	47
XII	Safeguarded	50

FOUR.—THE SEQUEL OF ADVERSITY

XIII	The Silver Lining of Dark Clouds	57
XIV	Captivity That Led to Freedom	60
XV	The Failure Who Helped His Fellows	64
XVI	What Poverty Brought	69
XVII	Blessings in Disguise	73
XVIII	The Artist Who Became an Inventor	76
XIX	Directed by Privation	80

CONTENTS

FIVE.—ACCIDENTS THAT PROVED BLESSINGS — PAGE

XX Gratitude for Affliction. . . . 87
XXI The Accident That Made Him . . 90
XXII The Delay That Brought Joy . . 94
XXIII The Story of a Blind Singer . . 96

SIX.—MEN WHOM GOD USED

XXIV Fitting the Worker and the Work . 103
XXV Finding Her Life Work . . . 106
XXVI Out of Degradation 109
XXVII Ministering to Fellow-Clerks . . 112
XXVIII How God Used a Failure . . . 116
XXIX Why He Believed in God's Providence 121
XXX When Money Was Lost . . . 128

SEVEN.—INCIDENTS FROM MISSION LANDS

XXXI A Rescued Treasure 133
XXXII Difficulties Overcome . . . 135
XXXIII A Mistake That Saved Life . . 138
XXXIV A Problem Solved 141
XXXV How Cherished Hopes Were Fulfilled 145

EIGHT.—DEVELOPING MISSIONARY HELPERS

XXXVI The Count Who Became a Missionary 151
XXXVII Out of Slavery 156
XXXVIII God's Answer 161
XXXIX The Story of Pastor Hsi . . . 166

NINE.—UNLIKELY INSTRUMENTS

XL The Widow's Mite 175
XLI Used for God's Glory 180
XLII The Man God Sent 183
XLIII An Agent of Providence . . . 185
XLIV God's Call to Three Men . . . 190

CONTENTS

TEN.—MARVELLOUS DELIVERANCES

		PAGE
XLV	Out of the Jaws of Death	195
XLVI	The Story of Matula	198
XLVII	The Conquest of the Locust Plague	206

ELEVEN.—STEP BY STEP

XLVIII	One Step Enough	215
XLIX	Caring for His Own	217
L	When It Is Dark	220
LI	Just Waiting for Him	223
LII	Letting God Show the Path	226
LIII	How God Opened the Way	229

TWELVE.—SEQUELS OF HARDSHIP

LIV	The Answer to One "Why?"	235
LV	The Transformation of Misfortune	237
LVI	Does God Care?	241
LVII	How God Guided Stanley	245
LVIII	The Sequel to the Funeral	253

THIRTEEN.—THEN DO NOT WORRY

LIX	His Medicine	259
LX	Hope—and No Hope	263
LXI	C-a-p-t-a-i-n	267
LXII	The Captain Is with Us	270
LXIII	The Goodness of God	274

ONE

OUT OF BONDAGE

I

IN THE CANYON

THE transcontinental express had passed the summit of the Selkirk range in Canada. For several hours the passengers rejoiced in the apparent ease of their progress. In awed silence they gazed on the snowy peaks, which seemed to pierce the sky.

But after several hours the train plunged into the Kicking Horse Canyon. Perpendicular walls of rock, hundreds of feet high, shut out the blue above. Instead of the sunlight, there was the gloom of dusk—and corresponding gloom settled on many of the passengers. Shuddering, they looked from the windows of the observation car. Far below was a raging, roaring mountain torrent; on either side were the rocky barriers, so close together that it seemed as if a stone might be tossed across the chasm; ahead—but what was ahead? Nothing but rock. There was no outlet! The canyon was closed by a cross-wall of adamant! The train was bearing its passengers on to sure destruction! Dizzy with unreasoning apprehension, a number hid their eyes one moment—when, instead of the crash they half expected, they heard the familiar sound made in entering a tunnel, and the projecting wall was safely passed. Reassured, the timid tourists looked out again. For a few moments all was comparatively promising. Then they saw that, a few hundred yards ahead, the ledge on which the track was built narrowed in width to a yard—a foot—

and was gone. What would happen? What escape could there be? One instant the question suggested itself; the next, the train swerved across the canyon on a bridge which led to another safe ledge beyond.

Thus, again and again, doubt and fear were relieved. At length most of the timid ones put aside thoughts of the impossibility of a safe conclusion to their journey, and settled themselves to the enjoyment of the passing moments. Soon, however, to their disappointment, the train emerged from the canyon into the more every-day regions beyond. They had taken so long to master their fears that they had lost their opportunity of enjoying a bit of railway travel which is famous the world over.

Other passengers, on the contrary, had enjoyed every moment of the ride. They had either travelled that way before, or had passed through similar experiences, and so had no thought of fear. They knew that the difficulties of the canyon had been conquered once for all by the engineers who built the road.

How helpful the memory of that hour in the canyon in seasons of trial and despondency! There come to all of us times when we seem to be shut in between rocky walls. We are in gloom. Difficulties multiply about us. There seems to be no way out. We murmur and cry aloud for fear of disaster which seems to impend—when, lo! deliverance is at hand. A way is shown by which we escape. But, almost immediately, we see some further danger, and, forgetful of recent deliverance, we resign ourselves to what we think must be sure destruction. Then once more the difficulty is removed from our pathway. The tale

is repeated again and again. How slow we are to learn that from every difficulty there is a sure escape for those who trust in God! And when at length the truth is grasped and we settle down with the purpose of securing profit and enjoyment from experiences which had only tried us before, behold! that chapter in our lives is near its close. Then we can only regret the joy we might have shared if we had long ago joined the ranks of those faithful ones who are always quiet in times like these, who say: "I will trust, and will not be afraid," because they are sure that God knows the way that they take and has lovingly provided against its dangers; because their hearts are beating to the music of the promise: "He will deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

II

DIFFICULTIES

A WEARY bicyclist was struggling to reach a distant town before night. The day was warm, and the way was not sheltered by trees. To make matters worse, the road was yielding sand, into which the wheel sank several inches, and there was a steady up-grade. How he longed for a hard road, like that of yesterday! What a relief it would have been to rest under a tree, on the grassy bank of a stream. Oh! for just one short down-grade stretch to break the monotony! But there was nothing to do but push on, in the hope that the road would improve. Mile after mile was put behind him, and still there was nothing but sand and heat, an upward climb, and utter weariness.

He was almost exhausted when the road turned and a few trees appeared. The surface became hard and firm as he could ask. The trees multiplied. Now he was passing through a pine forest. How cool it was! Why, the wheel was turning almost without effort! He began the descent of a slight slope. Still the trees. And the slope became more pronounced, until the wheel was moving with exhilarating rapidity. For half a mile this continued, then a mile of the forest slope was left behind. Surely the end must be near! But another mile followed and another; it was proving one of the most delightful rides he had ever taken.

And just a little while before he had thought this

day's experience was to be the one dark chapter in his vacation experience! Now he was glad of the warm sun, and the treeless waste, and the sandy road, and the climb up-grade,—for these had prepared him for the full enjoyment of the shady slope. If he had encountered the slope that morning before the struggle with trying conditions, he would not have known how to appreciate it.

Years have passed since that vacation trip. The experiences of other days have been forgotten; but the memory of how the warm, sandy ride was followed by the cool six-mile coast to the village in the valley is not forgotten. The sand-hill is remembered, not because it made the riding so hard, but because of the satisfaction of conquering it, and because its conquest put the rider in the best condition to appreciate the joy to follow.

And the day is remembered for another reason. The entire experience—the contrast of comfort with tribulation, the satisfaction of conquering difficulties, the greater enjoyment following what, for a time, seemed so bitter—is a picture of life. Sometimes there seems to be nothing but difficulty in our day. Our attempts to steer our way through are futile, and we are discouraged. Then difficulty is succeeded by hours and days when all goes well, when we rejoice that life is ours, and that we have an opportunity to take part in the activities of the world. And we know that our happiness is all the greater because it has come after difficulty has been surmounted; we look back on the experiences that seemed so trying, as only a necessary preparation for our greater joy. The joy

has come through tribulation. The light affliction, which was but for a moment, has worked for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory than we could have had under any other circumstances.

Another day, the wheelman rode toward London. He passed Windsor and Eton, and the green fields beyond. He left behind him straggling villages, which by degrees became one continuous town. At last he was within ten miles of the great city's heart. Soon he must dismount, he thought, and take other means of transportation; he could not think of riding into the crowded streets of which he had heard. But he decided that he could in comfort ride yet a little while. . . . Soon there was more traffic in the street. Yet he determined to go a little farther. . . . It was not long till the crowds became dense, and he needed to keep his eyes open; but he was becoming accustomed to the bustle and confusion.

So he rode on, and on. As he surmounted difficulties in his way, he had more courage to face yet greater difficulties. Thus he was still riding when he came to Trafalgar Square and the Strand. There he found himself hemmed in by cabs and omnibuses and trucks. An hour before he would not have had courage to attempt to thread his way through the maze. Now, however, he was able to push on, slowly but surely. Sometimes it was necessary to dismount for an instant, where traffic was blocked. But, by taking his time, he was able to continue his way, though the street from curb to curb looked like one solid mass of vehicles. And at last, triumphant, he stood on the

steps of the Post Office, and looked back on the surging throngs through which he had come. "Isn't it a good thing I didn't encounter the congested street at the outset!" he thought.

And now this experience, too, is a picture to him of some of life's experiences. God permits temptations to come to us, but only as we are able to bear them. We are not confronted with temptations so overwhelming that we cannot resist. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear," is a promise that has never been broken. Smaller temptations come first. If we yield to them, alas for us when the greater temptations come! But if we resist the small temptations, we gain strength for the greater temptations. And when, after the conquest of some great temptation, we look back on the way God has led us, we can praise Him for the little temptations, and the preparation gained through them for later conflicts; and we shall have more courage for anything that may follow.

Vacation days were past. The wheelman was threading his way down the busy streets to his office. Again teamsters were in the way, and street cars were passing in almost endless procession. Often he had been hindered by congestion; this morning, however, he hoped to be able to reach his desk without delay. At times, as he saw wagons and cabs ahead of him, he thought he would be compelled to dismount. But always, just when he was about to bring his wheel to a stand, the threatening obstruction was gone! a

cab paused at the curb, a car stopped at the corner, an automobile, approaching on the wrong side of the street, swerved quickly into an alley.

He was breathing more freely when he came to a real blockade. Cars, cabs, wagons, and automobiles were in a tangle. Stepping to the pavement, he waited impatiently. In a moment the way seemed to open, and he prepared to mount. But again the traffic closed. He looked at his watch; he was due at his desk. He made another futile effort to start. As he looked ahead to see how far he had yet to go, the buildings seemed familiar. In surprise he looked to one side,—to find that all the time he had been standing in front of his own office! His way had not been blockaded until he had reached his destination.

A moment later, seated at his desk, he thought how much his needless wait at the office door is like the attitude that we who have put our lives in God's hands so often take toward Him. We fret and worry and complain because of difficulties we think are in our path—only to find that *our* path is not blocked at all. We try to cross bridges before we come to them —and we do not come to them; we never come to them. Our eyes are fixed on trouble and disaster—and the trouble and disaster are not for us. With Jacob we make complaint, " All these things are against me," at the very moment when everything is in our favour. With the Psalmist we cry, " Hath God forgotten to be gracious? " just when our lives reveal that His goodness and mercy are following us, and that the everlasting arms are underneath us.

III

GOD IS HERE

AN old story tells of an infidel who asked his little child to read the sentence, "God is nowhere." Slowly the little one, who was just learning to read, spelled out the words and spoke the meaning she made from them, "God is now here." The story goes on to say that the heart of the unbeliever was convinced by the artless words of the child, although all the arguments of learned men had failed to move him. From that day he lived in the glad knowledge that God was with him wherever he went.

God is here. God is everywhere! Wherever you happen to be, on land or sea, at home or in school, in the office, the shop, or the home of a friend, asleep or awake, in the Sunday School and the church, or in a place where His name is not mentioned except to take it in vain.

The thought does not always bring gladness with it. But it should. Only those who have a perverted idea of God are afraid as they think of His presence. One who in his childhood was taught by a prim New England schoolmistress to dread the thought of God's presence, said: "Who has not seen a timid child persuaded to go on an errand by the promise that his mother will stand at the gate and watch him all the way? How often the little face is turned over the shoulder to assure himself that the promise is kept. Why not teach children to think of God as a loving

parent, who watches that He may ward off harm rather than as a sort of omnipotent, omnipresent policeman, who bears a grudge against little folks and waits around the corner for an occasion, or even an excuse, to bruise their flesh or break their bones?"

God has no grudge against His people. He loves them. He is with them to help them. What was the message of the Psalmist? Did he tremblingly say, "Surely God is waiting for me to destroy me"? No! He sang, "Surely goodness and loving kindness shall follow me all the days of my life."

God is here. We do not need to fear. We can hold His hand, can speak into His ear, can be sure that He knows all the thoughts of our hearts, all our anxieties, our hopes, our temptations. God is here—God who said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee . . . thou hast been precious in My sight . . . I have loved thee." That is why we sing:

"No, never alone! No, never alone!
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone!"

The Psalmist forgot everything else in the thought that God and he were together. He did not wish to escape from God. Why should he? God had always been very good to him. He had not always done what pleased God, but he knew that God had forgiven him, and his soul was at peace. This is not strange, for there is nothing that can give peace so quickly as the thought that God, the hearer and answerer of prayer, is not away off, but is right here, ready and eager to help, and to guide our steps.

IV

THE SLEEPLESS WATCHER

WHEN Elijah challenged the priests of Baal to the contest on Mount Carmel, they called in vain on their god to come down and consume the sacrifice. There was no answer. Then they repeated their clamour. At last the prophet began to mock them. "Cry aloud," he said, "for he is a god; either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." The vain belief of the Baal-worshippers was not troubled by the thought of a god who must be roused from slumber before he could hear the cries of his followers. Jehovah never sleeps. His ear is ever open to the cry of His children.

God is so awake to the needs of men that it does not require a call to attract His attention. "Before they call, I will answer," is His word. There is no danger of a moment of inattention like that which brought disaster to the crew of a barge off the Atlantic coast. It was in a difficult situation, and the lookout in the lighthouse nearby was watching closely. When he was about to be relieved by the man next on duty, he took his eyes from the endangered vessel. Just then a sudden squall overturned the barge, and a number of men were struggling in the water; when the eye from the lighthouse was again attracted the men were beyond saving. God's eye is continually

on His people; there is not one instant of inattention or forgetfulness.

And that ever-wakeful eye is on His people for good. Edgar Allan Poe has pictured a man, imprisoned in a castle in Spain, for whom a fearful death was prepared. A trap was set for him in the darkness of the cell; but he escaped it. Instantly another death was planned for him, and when he avoided this, also, a third was set before him. No one had come to his cell, yet he knew that somewhere, through a gap in the walls, the eye of his executioner was on him, and he despaired of escaping him. Men sometimes imagine that God's ever-wakeful eye is thus turned on them for the purpose of bringing to them disaster and defeat. It is a mistake! God watches that He may give blessing in every time of need.

The Psalmist was not in doubt as to the purpose of God's wakefulness. He had learned to call on Him for help, and the help was never lacking. "My help cometh from Jehovah," was not merely the statement of his faith; it was the record of his experience. Happy the man who has had such experience of God's loving care that he turns to Him for help in every time of need, and turns at once. Sometimes men look about them to see if there is any possibility of other help, and only when disappointed in their search do they turn to God.

Unlike the help given by others, the help God gives His people is complete, satisfying. There is no joint in the armour through which evil can come to them. For Jehovah, their shade upon their right hand, watches over them by night as well as by day; He

keeps them not merely from one evil, or a dozen, but from all evil; He keeps them wherever they are, in the home, or out of it; in school, in church, in business, among their friends. With Him they are safe.

One thing is necessary; they must be willing to have God keep them. He does not force Himself on anyone; He gives all the choice of accepting His protection, or rejecting it. Then let all claim the promise: "And ye shall call upon Me . . . and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek Me, and find Me." But the condition of that promise must be remembered, "when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." All half-hearted calling upon God must be put aside.

V

GRAVEN ON GOD'S HANDS

THERE is a judge on the bench who has the reputation of extreme severity. One who knows him has said that he "sits like a graven image on a case, seldom opens his mouth, and has a cold eye, which seems to look into the very heart of a witness."

Everybody fears him. Even the reporters, who sit in his presence, dread his frown—or they did once. That is all over now. For once these reporters were accused by a prominent newspaper of accepting bribes to withhold publication of the names of certain prominent people who had appeared in court. The reporters were indignant, for the charge was false. But they did not know how to clear themselves.

Help came from an unexpected source. The judge, in whose court they had sat, had been seemingly oblivious of their presence. They had been glad to escape his cold, glittering eye. But now the judge rose in his place and made a statement which completely cleared them. He said that for years he had watched the reporters, knowing that they would be tempted by bribes; that he was convinced they had done their work with clean hands; that he could not remain silent while honest men were publicly charged with fraud.

The reporters took down the statement word for

word. It was printed next day. Apology was speedily made, and charges were withdrawn.

The judge is as silent as ever, and many people fear him as before. But the reporters no longer fear him, for they have learned that his searching eye is their protection; that the indifferent austerity is only apparent; they have read the man's heart, and know his kindly thoughtfulness for them.

As the reporters misread the character of the judge, so men sometimes mistake the character of God. They are apt to think of Him as a harsh judge, absolutely unmindful of them, except when they have fallen into sin; then mindful of them only to rebuke them and threaten them with punishment. They shrink from His all-seeing eye as the rebellious prisoner shrinks from the eye of his jailer. They hope to forget God, and be themselves forgotten.

Even after we have sought forgiveness of our sins, there remains in our minds more or less of this idea of God's harshness. Long years of custom have fixed the notion, and it is difficult to rid ourselves of dread.

There come to us seasons of doubt and distress and discouragement. There are days when the morning dawns without, but there is no light within our hearts; when the birds are singing joyously and the children are happy at their play, but there is no happy song on our lips. Life is all gloom for us, because disaster threatens cherished plans; because a loved one is sick or is called away from us; because a friend has disappointed us, a friend on whom we had pinned our faith; because reputation has been assailed, and we do not know how to repel the attacks. The solid

ground seems to be slipping from beneath us; we struggle for a foothold. We feel as though we are walking on a narrow ridge in the darkness, and a single misstep will plunge us to destruction. We need help—but who can help us? There is no help, we think, and we resign ourselves to darkness and despair.

We are paying the penalty of misreading God's character. We despair, because we do not trust Him. We are in darkness because we will not look up into the all-seeing Eye. We think that no one cares for our souls.

But all the time of our gropings and our fears, our doubt and our despair, God has been endeavouring to attract our attention. He looks upon us; He calls to us. And when finally we look to Him, He is holding His hands toward us that we may see them, and He says to us: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands."

Can it be that the God of all the earth is thus mindful of me? that God, whom I have been shunning, fearing, dreading, has written my name where He can see it day by day—on His hands, the hands which do the work of the universe, in token of His purpose to turn them to the care of my affairs? It seems absurd to think that God, who holds the stars in the hollow of His hand, should hold me also; that He, who guides ten thousand worlds, should wish to guide me and help me and deliver me. But He does wish it; in token of His desire He has graven my name on the palms of His hands, and calls in tenderest tones, "Fear not"; "Be of good courage"; "All things work together for good to them that love God."

And when He tells us that, we are not to ask ourselves: "How can these things work together for my good? How can this disappointment, this sickness, be for my benefit?" That is not the question. The question is, rather, "Do I love God?" If we love God, then we are to trust Him, and in due time we shall see how even disappointment and sickness work our good, for we shall be like the lad who was reading to his brother of the translation of Elijah. "Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in a chariot of fire, Billy?" the brother asked. "No!" was the triumphant answer: "not if God drives!"

That is the childlike faith which we must have in God. We must be assured that God will keep us; that no evil can befall us; that while our names are graven on the palms of His hands, Satan cannot prevail against us.

TWO

GOD IN HISTORY

VI

OVERRULED

"WHAT a lucky chance!" The remark is frequently heard as some one is told of an event which might easily have occurred otherwise. Or perhaps, if the speaker professes to be no believer in chance, he may change the words—but not the meaning—and say: "What a fortunate circumstance!"

Now nothing is more certain than that not a single event is due to chance. God rules—and overrules. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." He who makes the wrath of man to praise Him, often causes a very large event to turn on a very small "happening." But it is God who does it—not chance.

These thoughts must come to mind as one reads of an event in American history of which George Washington James tells, in his volume, "In and Out of the Old Missions." In reciting the story of the founding of the old California missions in consequence of the edict of King Charles of Spain, he writes:

"It is not always a safe policy to conjecture results if certain events had happened, yet it seems probable that the whole history of California would have been materially different—indeed, that California would not to-day be ranged under the flag of the United States—had not King Charles sent out his colonists and missionaries just at the time he did.

Whether one believes or disbelieves in 'the hand of God in history,' it was exceedingly fit that the missions were established by Spain, for in the course of time she lost her hold on Mexico, and California became a province of the new Republic of Mexico. Now, had California at this time, or earlier, been under control of the Russians,—who, it must not be forgotten, were slowly reaching down toward San Francisco from Alaska, and who later reached Mount St. Helena and Fort Ross (the latter but sixty-five miles north),—the United States would have had Russia to deal with instead of Mexico.

"California was seized because the United States was at war with Mexico. Two years after the seizure, gold was discovered, and California became the Mecca for the adventurers and gold-lustful of the world. Had the Russians gained a foothold in California prior to the Spanish Franciscans, it is scarcely possible that they would have relinquished the natural advantages afforded by so remarkable a base of supplies for their Alaska Colonies."

Now see on what a small circumstance hinged the success of the Spanish project for colonizing California. In 1769 the first Spanish expedition started for California in four divisions, two of which went by land, while two travelled by sea in the *San Antonio* and the *San Carlos*. The land parties reached San Diego in safety; but when the sea divisions landed, nearly every man was sick of scurvy. When scores had died, one vessel—the *San Antonio*—was sent back to Mexico for supplies, to be delivered at Monterey to a part of the land forces, which immediately

started north. This party, however, returned to San Diego almost at once. Disheartened and weary, they were eager to give up. When they rejoined their comrades at San Diego, they found that sickness and privation had made them ready to listen to a proposition to return home. So it was determined to abandon the enterprise and return to Mexico.

"But this was not to be. When hope seemed to have gone, and waiting had become despair, the *San Antonio* returned with abundant supplies. Oh, what a blessed vision was that of the long-looked-for vessel on the very day the abandonment had been decided! Captain Perez had started back from La Paz, Mexico, with instructions to proceed directly to Monterey. Of course he knew nothing of the return of the party from that point, and . . . he would have gone on had not the loss of an anchor compelled him to put in at San Diego to replace it from the *San Carlos*. Thus the small matter of losing an anchor perhaps led to the saving of the enterprise and the founding of the missions as planned."

Just as striking is an occurrence which God used to bring together the New School and Old School Presbyterian Churches of America—long separated by doctrinal differences. For years the General Assemblies of the two churches had met in different cities. The Second Church of St. Louis had extended an invitation to the Old School Assembly to meet in St. Louis in 1866. The First Church had invited the New School Assembly to come to St. Louis at the same time. Neither pastor knew of the invitation extended by the other, until after the opening of the Assemblies

of 1865. Then the pastor of the First Church, having learned of the coincidence, thought to avert the simultaneous meetings in the same city by withdrawing the invitation of the New School body. But in his haste, he failed to stamp the letter which carried the message of withdrawal. The envelope bore no return card, so the letter went straight to the dead letter office. In the meantime the invitation to St. Louis was accepted by both Assemblies. The ministers and elders met one another, and the antagonisms of years were so far forgotten that a joint communion service was arranged. And so the way was paved for the reunion consummated several years later.

Only a lost anchor, and only a forgotten postage stamp? Was it not, rather, the hand of God in history?

VII

THE STORY OF FOUR LOST BIBLES

NO novelist has ever conceived a romance so marvellous as the story of how God preserved His Word through the centuries, and how He is daily bringing it to the attention of those whom He seeks as His servants.

In the year 1854, Murata, the Lord of Wakasi, was stationed in the harbour of Nagasaki, Japan, commissioned to prevent the entrance of foreigners from war vessels without, and to hinder the escape of young men eager to go abroad for an education. One day, while inspecting his harbour guards, he saw an object floating on the water. On examination he found it was a book, printed in an unknown tongue. After a time he learned from one of his interpreters that it was a copy of the Bible. The Dutch of Nagasaki, to whom he sent secretly for further information, told him of a Chinese version. Accordingly he sent a man to China after a copy. Then, with his sons, he began to study the New Testament. In time he became a Christian, and through his influence many others forsook the ancient worship of the Japanese. The finding of that floating Bible changed the history of Japan, for Wakasi and his friends were influential in leading the country to better things. It was not many years till the policy which had so long kept the country isolated from the world was abandoned in

favour of the customs of lands where the Bible is revered.

Early in the nineteenth century William Carey, the busy translator of the Bible into many of the dialects of India, prepared a version of the first five books of the Bible in the Pukhtu tongue, not because he saw an immediate demand for it—in fact, a hostile government made the circulation of the translation an impossibility—but because he believed the time was coming when all over India the Bible would be welcomed. So he finished his translation, and soon after, passed away.

His faith was justified. In 1855 the establishment of the Afghan Mission caused enquiry to be made for Carey's Pukhtu Bible. Where was the translation? Every copy had disappeared. Search was fruitless. For a time it seemed that the laborious work of translation would have to be gone over again from the beginning. Then a traveller told the missionaries that he had seen a copy, in 1848, in the possession of Muhummud Ali Khan, Chief of the Sunda tribe of Pathans, in the far Derajat. The book had been given to the aged chieftain decades before by a missionary at Hardwar, in India, and he had preserved it most carefully, because of the conviction that one day the British sway would extend to his land, and he would then produce it. A special messenger was sent to the Khan. He arrived the day after the death of the Chief, but the Pukhtu Bible was found safe and sound —the one copy of Carey's translation. So the work of this new station went on triumphantly.

In 1789, the crew of the ship *Bounty,* sent out by the English government with a cargo of bread-fruit trees for the West Indies, mutinied when near Tahiti, in the Pacific Ocean, their complaint being the brutality of the captain. The captain and all who took his part were set adrift with a supply of food. A number of the mutineers were landed at Tahiti. Then the remaining eight, after persuading several native men and women to go with them, sailed till they came to Pitcairn Island, whose "rocky and nearly inaccessible sides rise to the uniform height of 1,000 feet above the sea, Point Lookout, the highest peak, being 1,109 feet. It is two and a quarter miles long by one and a half miles wide, and about five miles in circumference at the top, which alone is inhabitable." This island is about four thousand miles from San Francisco.

The company landed, and the ship was burned. Then eleven years were passed in entire forgetfulness of all laws, human and divine. The Tahitian men were killed. One by one the mutineers died, until only one, John Adams, was left. With him were the Tahitian women and twenty-three children.

In 1800 Adams found a Bible which had been brought with other plunder from the *Bounty,* and had remained hidden for all those years. The reading of its pages aroused him. He decided that from that time his own life and the lives of the other islanders must be different. From the Bible the children were taught. Reforms were set on foot. A church was built. When, a few years later, the first vessel, since the arrival of the mutineers, touched at

the island, regular communication with the world was begun. A few outsiders were welcomed from time to time.

The population was, some years ago, one hundred and thirty-six. The government was simple; the family life was described as ideal. The island furnished all that was needed for the support of the few score inhabitants. Money was a curiosity; the few coins left by sailors in passing ships were carefully treasured to be sent as gifts for the work of missionaries in other more needy fields.

What if that copy of the Bible had not been taken from the *Bounty,* to be discovered just at the right moment? But it was taken, and it was found. See the result!

It was in a monastery, however, that one of the most important Biblical finds of the century was made, in 1844.

St. Catherine's Convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, Arabia, was built by order of the Emperor Justinian on the supposed site of the burning bush, from which God spoke to Moses, commanding him to lead the Israelites out of Egypt. One of the treasures of the convent was a valuable library, largely made up of manuscripts. These were esteemed of little value, and the inmates were gradually using them up for fuel. In 1844 Constantine Tischendorf, a German scholar, determined to find his way into the convent, hoping to discover manuscripts said to be there. It was comparatively easy to reach the walls, but he found it a different proposition to persuade the resi-

dents to admit him. Finally he gained his point, and was lifted to the entrance, high up in the wall, by a rude elevator fastened to a rope, which wound around a drum turned by four of the monks. He searched through the library, but, although he saw many rare manuscripts, there was nothing of the kind he had in mind.

He was about to leave the convent when he was attracted by a basketful of parchments, intended, as he learned, for kindling. Eagerly turning them over he found several leaves of the Old Testament in Greek, parts of a manuscript older than any Bible manuscript of which he knew. He begged to be allowed to carry away the "kindling," and succeeded in securing forty-three pages. The rest of the basketful was carefully carried back to the library; Tischendorf's eagerness had revealed to the monks the real value of the kindling! In the quiet of his own cell, the German scholar examined the leaves, and identified them as an important part of the Old Testament, including four or five books. In vain he pleaded for other sheets; the monks were firm in their refusal.

For years Tischendorf dreamed of securing this manuscript treasure of St. Catherine's. In 1854 he again sought the monks, but without success. After five years more of waiting he was, for the third time, the guest of the monks of St. Catherine's. They were courteous, but still refused to grant his request.

Sick at heart, the scholar had made arrangements to go back to Germany when the steward asked him to go to his cell to examine a copy of the Septuagint he had been reading. The bulky volume, wrapped

carefully in red cloth, proved to be the long-desired fragments of the Old Testament, the entire New Testament, as well as several other manuscripts. With beating heart, but with assumed carelessness, he asked if he might take the book to his room in order to examine it more at his leisure. Once by himself, the cloak of indifference was laid aside. Eagerly he lit his lamp, and all night long he toiled to copy a part of the manuscript which gave a version of an epistle as yet unknown to scholars in the original Greek.

In the morning, growing bolder, permission was asked to carry the volume to Cairo, where it might be copied from beginning to end. Learning that the Prior, the only man who had authority to give the permission, had started to Cairo, Tischendorf hurried after him, and—when he had overtaken him—pleaded his case so well that permission was given. But the scholar was not content; he wanted the original as well as his copy. To his great joy he was given permission to carry it to St. Petersburg, where it is to-day.

By many it is thought that this copy of the Bible was one of the fifty manuscripts prepared by order of Constantine for the principal churches of his empire. For these manuscripts only the finest materials and the most skilful copyists were to be employed. The fact that the Codex Sinaiticus was prepared in the most beautiful manner on the finest parchment, probably made from the skins of antelopes, would seem to go at least part way to prove this theory.

VIII

VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT

IN 1876 Christian people in the United States were troubled because they feared the Centennial Exposition—the first great international exposition held in the country—was to be open on Sunday. An earnest contest was waged between those who advocated Sunday opening, and those who opposed it in the interests of Christian civilization; to open on Sunday would be the practical breaking down of one of the safeguards of the nation.

Those in favour of Sunday opening were handicapped by the fact that in the early days of planning for the Exhibition the Centennial Commission had decreed that the gates should be closed on Sunday; this was done practically without debate or opposition. But those who opposed Sunday opening were handicapped, in their turn, by the long campaign against these regulations waged by those who—while they pleaded that the workingman be given a chance—were really thinking more of the large gains they hoped to reach through the success of their campaign.

When the Commission met for final consideration of the question, just before the opening of the Exhibition in May, a quiet canvass of the members indicated that the friends of Sunday opening probably had a decided majority of the Commission. They had been working quietly, and had secured the appointment of a sufficient number who were in sympathy with their

views to give them the victory. It was a grave situation. To many further opposition seemed futile. But there were those whose faith in God was too strong to permit them to doubt the outcome of efforts they were making for His glory.

One of the members of the Commission was Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D.D., whose services as Chaplain in the Civil War, and whose long service as Editor of *The Sunday School Times* had made him a prominent figure in the country. The rest of the story is given in his words, as these were printed in his paper:

"On the day before the vote was to be taken, my old commander and friend, the President of the Commission, told me of the situation as he saw it. He said modestly, 'I know, chaplain, that you have more faith than I have that God gives special help in an emergency in answer to special prayer. So I want you to pray to-night for God's help in this contest.' That very utterance showed this leader's faith. It was in itself the prayer, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'

"As we two talked together at that time, an earnest and hard-working advocate of Sunday opening, a member of the Commission, came up and said exultingly, 'It's no use. We've got you. You'll find that out to-morrow.' And, on the face of it, it looked so.

"Before going home, I went to my office, and stated the case to my associate in editorial work, a man of faith and prayer, and asked him to pray earnestly that night that God would help in this crisis. When, on my knees that evening, I essayed to pray for God's help, my words seemed to come back to me. It was as

though God said, 'There is no necessity for your prayers. I need not to be entreated of you. Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord!' It was a peculiar experience. I have never had anything just like it. Yet with it came the conviction that all was right. I realized that God was working.

"Going to my office in the morning, I found my associate there, and without speaking of what had happened to me, I asked him if he had remembered his promise of prayer. 'Yes, indeed,' he said, 'and there was a singular occurrence as I attempted to pray.' Then he told of his experience as almost identical with mine. He was confident, he said, that the Lord had taken this matter in hand.

"The Commission met in Parlour C of the Continental Hotel. When I met its president there that day, he said to me, 'Chaplain, there is a remarkable change here since last night. They are not so sure as they were of carrying their point. I doubt if they will.'

"Then I met George H. Corliss, whose mammoth engine was one of the wonders of the exhibition, and the motive-power of all its machinery. He was to present the majority report in renewed favour of Sunday closing. He spoke of the remarkable change that had come over several of the members since the day before, and he said he believed that the vote would be different from what had seemed probable twenty-four hours earlier."

When the meeting was opened Mr. Corliss told what it had meant to him to prepare for the Exhibition, but added that "if the Exhibition was not to be closed

on Sunday nothing was left of his best hopes but ashes, and he could only wish that all he had done for the Centennial was utterly blotted out."

The debate that followed was keen and intense. Sometimes there was bitterness in the attacks of those in favour of Sunday opening. The issue seemed in doubt. The self-styled "champions of the working-man" demanded that the question be put immediately; they felt that the victory was within their grasp.

The end came speedily, but it was not what they expected. The tide of opposition was turned by a member from Nevada, who said: "Mr. President, before the question is taken, I wish to say a word. I feel like a returned prodigal, and I want to make a confession. More than twenty years ago, I went out from an Eastern home to the Far West. I have lived since then beyond the Rocky Mountains, where we hardly have a Sabbath, and where other than the best moral influences are all about us. But, as I have listened here this afternoon, old memories have come back to me." Here the speaker struggled with strong emotion, and he continued with choking voice: "All these truths were familiar to me long ago, and it seems to me again to-day that I hear them repeated as I used to listen to them from the lips of my sainted mother, when, every evening, I kneeled by her side in prayer. I want to give my vote in favour of observing the Christian Sabbath."

"The effect of this remarkable speech was overpowering," Dr. Trumbull wrote. "It seemed to represent the uplifting of the whole Commission in moral character and tone, and men who would an hour be-

fore have voted to open the exhibition for seven days in the week recorded their names heartily in favour of Sunday closing when the vote was called. The vote stood twenty-seven for closing to nine for opening; and so the question was settled—and settled right. God had led the leaders. God be praised for this result!"

And thus, in the providence of God, the position of the friends of the Sabbath observance was made stronger by reason of the very opposition that had given them so much concern.

THREE

IN EVERYDAY LIFE

IX

NO GOD

AT a women's missionary meeting, one of the members told this story to her associates:

"Just a little while ago I heard some one say that there is no God. I'd like to share with that person something an intimate friend told me just after her return from Europe last summer. She was very much excited because of her experiences. I don't wonder, either.

"During the first days of the voyage she occupied her time just as the rest of the passengers did—reading, talking, walking the decks, and lounging in her comfortable chair. It was not until other amusements began to pall that she paid much attention to the passengers on the steerage deck. At first she looked at them idly enough, but soon she began to take notice of individuals. She smiled sympathetically at the young mother tending her babe; she watched the children at their play; she picked out one and another of the strong young men and wondered what would be their future in the land of their dreams.

"But the passenger who attracted her most was a young Italian who sat apart from the others—always apart. There was a sad, far-away look in his eyes. She wondered what his story could be. Was he regretting the step he had taken in leaving his native land? Was he dreading the plunge into the mysteries of America? What could be the explanation of his

holding aloof from the others? Her slight knowledge of the Italian people and their language made her all the more interested in her speculations.

"One day she exclaimed to a friend who was standing by her side as she looked down at the silent man:

"'I must go and speak to him. Somehow I feel that he needs help. I may be able to do something for him.'

"Of course her friend laughed at her. What could she hope to do for a dirty peasant immigrant? Why should a daintily dressed first-cabin passenger concern herself about him? Probably the man was thinking of some dreadful crime he had committed in Italy, and wondering if he could secure safety from punishment by burying himself in America.

"But my friend was not convinced. She insisted that she must speak to the man. So she went to the steerage deck. She talked to the mother with the babe, and she stopped to pet the children who had come to know her because of her daily smile of greeting. Then gradually she drew near the man who sat apart. At last she spoke to him in the soft Italian tongue.

"The man started in surprise. He answered with a few words, and turned away. But my friend was not to be put off. She talked to him until he seemed to realize that she would be his friend. Then the feeling of his heart found utterance, and he said:

"'Lady, I am in trouble. I had a home, a wife, and children. The earthquake came and took them all. I tried to stay in Italy. But I was lonely and sad. I have no people there—no people anywhere, except

a brother in America. I haven't heard from him for years. Now I go to him. If I not find him, I die. Lady, lady! you help me find my brother?' and he looked up, his eyes telling of his newly-awakened hopes.

"What was my friend to say? Of course it was hopeless to think of finding the man's brother! No message had come from him for years. But how could she say a word to blast the hope that was flashing in the eyes of the man before her?

"Speaking a few sentences of cheer, she went back to her own deck and the acquaintance who had advised her to have nothing to do with the Italian.

"'You couldn't do anything for him, could you?' was his greeting. 'Next time perhaps you will listen to me!'

"All that day my friend thought of the Italian. How she wanted to help him! But what could she do? Perhaps it would be as well to say nothing more to him; that would be easier than seeing him again and telling him that America is such a big place one Italian immigrant is lost in it.

"Next day she came from her stateroom with a book, and sat down on the deck to read. But she could not read. The thought of the lonely Italian persisted in coming into her mind. She struggled against it. At length she gave up and decided to go to the steerage deck.

"This time she went directly to the man, who was leaning on the rail in the spot where she had left him the day before. He looked up, and she saw that the look of hope that had flashed into his eyes the day before was there still.

"'Lady, is it you?' he began. 'Lady, I been thinking of my brother and how you find him for me.'

"My friend began to wish she had not come. She tried to think of something to say. She felt relieved when the book she was carrying fell to the deck; this gave her a moment to collect her thoughts. The man reached for the book and handed it to her. As he did so a card fell out and fluttered to the deck. The Italian caught it up and held it a minute before giving it to her. He was waiting till she should finish the aimless words she had begun to speak to fill time.

"While he waited his eyes rested mechanically on the card he held. Then he looked again, and eagerly, as if he was surprised by what he saw. Then he burst out:

"'Lady, lady, you find my brother! Where you find him? You take me to him? Now I happy.'

"Astonished, she asked him what he meant. He held up the card, and said:

"'My brother! That his name!'

"It was true. Without knowing that there was a card in the book, she had gone straight to the one man in all the world who would have been interested in the card, and had been the means of putting it in his hands.

"But how had the card come there, you ask? Six months before she had dropped her watch while in San Francisco. Her search for a watch repairer led her to the little shop of an Italian. He gave her his card that she might know where to call when the watch was done. The card was slipped into a book which she had in her hands at the moment. There

it had rested forgotten, waiting the day when it would be used to bring two brothers together.

"'And yet there are folks who will persist in saying that there is no God!' my friend said as she told me the story. 'I suppose they will say that it was chance that the Italian and I were passengers on the same ship.' It was chance that led my friend to speak to him. It was chance that brought that card into her possession. It was chance that kept it there during those months. It was chance that kept it from falling over the rail instead of to the deck. It was chance that led the Italian to see the name. Chance! For there is no God!

"No God? 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'"

X

THE PATH TO LIFE

ALEXANDER IRVINE, an Irish peasant lad who became a minister of the Congregational Church, has told, in the story of his life, "From the Bottom Up," of an incident which occurred on H. M. S. *Alexander,* of which he was at the time an enlisted man. One day something went wrong on the foretop, and a sailor fell to the deck. He was, of course, instantly killed. Next day at the same time, and at the moment of executing the same order in the foretop, the man who took the place of the dead sailor likewise fell to the deck, and was killed.

There was a feeling of terror among the men on board, who would have faced without hesitation the guns of the enemy. Superstition caused these fears. Two had died in an unexplained way, on two successive days, while executing the same order. Surely there would be a third death, for such disasters go in threes, before the spell is broken, or so they thought.

Who would be the man to run the awful risk? On the day of the second accident a popular fellow, who was anything but a moral man, was named as the captain of the foretop. His first duty next day would be to go to his post, when the fatal order would be given him. No wonder he was very sober that night: he felt sure his doom was sealed.

He made up his mind that something must be done. He was silent, and managed to be alone most of the

remainder of the day, thinking over his problem. What should he do? He decided that he must pray. But he knew more about skylarking than about prayer. Then his mind reverted to the fact that he had been, at one time, a signal boy, and was an expert in the language of flags, and in flashing the electric light. "He was unable to sleep, and passed most of the night on deck with the sentries. It was noticed that he begged permission to 'monkey' with the electric light signalling apparatus aft on the poop."

Next day, at the hour of sail drill—the fatal hour—the man was in the foretop. The order, the execution of which had led to two deaths, was given. The men held their breath. To the astonishment of all, it was successfully executed. Soon after the man who had thought himself marked for death was walking the deck with his fellows.

"Something really did happen in the foretop that day—something happened to the captain, though nobody knew just what it was," Mr. Irvine continues, "He came to the deck a changed man, and those who knew him best felt it most. We could not analyze it—he could not himself." But it was evident that he was a Christian.

The secret was learned later, when Mr. Irvine, from his post as waiter in the wardroom of the *Alexander,* overheard a visiting officer from another ship ask if there was a signalman by the name of Hicks—Billy Hicks—on board. When he was told that there was, he said:

"We were ten miles out at sea, a few weeks ago, when I noticed the signals flashing all over the heavens.

I was officer of the deck. It was about seven bells in the first watch. I called to my signal officer, and told him to take down what he read."

Then the visitor fished out his notebook and read:

"God, this is Billy Hicks. I ain't afraid of no blooming man nor devil. I ain't afraid of no Davy Jones' bleed'n' locker neither. I ain't like a bawlin' baby a-fussin' at his dad for sweeties. I doan't ask you for no favours, but just one. This is it—when I strike the foretop to-morrow, let me be a man what is clean, and dear God from this here day on give me the feeling I use to have long ago when I knelt at my mother's knee, and said, 'Our Father.' Good-night, dear God."

God wanted that seaman's heart. The seaman had been unwilling to give his heart to God. But he was made willing when God led him in the path that seemed to be sure death. He feared to go where God led—yet that way lay lasting peace and joy.

XI

HOUSEHOLD PROVIDENCES

A MISSIONARY among the Indians of Arizona was telling a friend of his work. He said little of himself, but he said much about his wife and her efficient help, and about the way God had solved problems for them in their work.

His wife gave her time freely to supply the wants of the Indians. Although not a physician, she had received medical training, and was often able to relieve her charges when they were suffering. Patients were brought long distances to "Tsthana-ez-za-eth En-ie" (the-woman-that-washes-sores-and-makes-medicine), as she was lovingly called by those for whom she wrought. But her own home cares were so great, especially in view of the fact that the house was open to all comers, that she was long unable to spend her strength as she wished in missionary labour.

This is the interesting story of how the change came about: On one of his Eastern trips her husband visited a village church, and was invited by the pastor to tell his people of the work in Arizona. Many were interested, but no one so much as an earnest member of the Christian Endeavour society. As she listened to the simple story of the mission among the Navajos her heart was filled with longing to go among them and spend her life in obeying the Saviour's last command.

"But how can I think of such a thing?" she argued.

"I am not well educated, and I am only a servant-girl."

But as she listened, she saw her opportunity. The missionary told of his wife's inability to work for the Indians as she would, because of her household duties.

"There is my chance!" thought this consecrated Endeavourer. "I cannot teach, but I can cook and mend and keep house. Then she could be free. I wonder if they would take me."

So she offered her services. It was explained to her that, since the mission was not supported by any society, there would be no salary for her. This explanation did not deter her in the least. She insisted on being allowed to have her part in the sacrifices made for the Master. Her offer was therefore accepted, and soon the mission home was in charge of a competent Christian housekeeper, whose only material return for her labour was board and clothing. So "the-woman-that-washes-sores-and-makes-medicine" was able to go about her errands of mercy from the morning until the evening, and the Christian Endeavour servant-maid who toiled in the house by the Little Colorado was as truly a missionary to the heathen as any of the thousands who preach and teach.

The missionary gratefully related to his friend another instance of God's care of the Arizona household in time of emergency. One day, a visitor appeared who introduced himself as a representative of the Indian Rights Association of Washington, D. C. The missionary was delighted to see him, for he had longed for a visit from him, in order that he might lay before him the needs of his charges. The missionary's wife,

also, was delighted. But she was in despair; there was nothing in the larder but a little flour and some minor provisions—not enough to set before their guest. But even as she worried the heart of the faithful Christian was lifted in prayer. Immediately the answer came. The visitor had brought the missionary's mail from Flagstaff, and one letter contained five dollars from a friend who said he "thought it might be needed." Within five minutes the housewife was on a horse bound for the trading-post, where she bought provisions and dishes in which to serve them. The guest remained a week, and the funds so opportunely provided just sufficed for the expenses of the stay.

Little things? Granted. But some of the most notable of God's providential dealings have to do with what we call the little things of life.

XII

SAFEGUARDED

SOMETIMES it seems as if Christian people today were not so ready to recognize and talk of God's providential acts as were their ancestors. It is worth while, then, to study the records left behind by some of the Christians of past centuries. Their simple statement of belief in God's overruling providence may provoke the smiles of those who feel superior to such notions, but they warm the hearts of earnest Christians.

One such record is given in a diary preserved by the descendants of one of the Scottish Covenanters of the seventeenth century. The quaint title of the diary—which has never been published—tells the story of the childlike simplicity of the writer's faith in God. He called it: "A Short Account of the Lord's Gracious, Merciful, and Remarkable Providences to Alexander Reid, Late Tenant in Easter Mains, Broxburn, both in Spiritual and Temporal Things. He died May 26, 1706, aged 60 years."

After giving the account of his early years—which he began by saying, "By the good providence of God I was educated and brought up in the parish of Kirkliston in my younger age"—he told of casting in his lot with those who entered into covenant with God. Soon the Covenanters were overwhelmed by the militia of the king. He told thus of what followed:

"A little after the battle there was an indemnity

given to those that had escaped. A time was set to them to come in and sign a bond, and under this time of the indemnity I was seized when I came home to my house. There was a very remarkable providence one day, when I was seized, thinking of no hazard till the time of indemnity was over, wherein we were to advise about the signing of the bond. But they treacherously sent out a party of soldiers from Blackness to apprehend William Carmichael and me. William Carmichael not being at home, I was secure at my own house. By the good hand of Providence I arose hastily after dinner and went to a neighbour's house. When I was got in, there came twenty soldiers running in all haste by that house, and went to my house, and made a search there, and round about the yards. I escaped their hands at that time, which I thought was very remarkable. I withdrew, and was on my keeping until after harvest, when the cruel tyrant, the laird of Carlowrie, after our corn was shorn and put in the barnyard, seized upon and put my wife out of the house, and closed the barndoors."

Long time the godly man was pursued by his enemies, as indicated by this paragraph:

"My wife laboured the farm, with some servants, for three years, I wandering to and fro, in daily hazard. One night these troopers were sent out to apprehend some that were in hazard, but I providentially went from home that same day before the troopers came. They made a narrow search, yet I escaped their hands, going to Queens-ferry. That same night there came a party to seek a comrade of mine, I going to his house near twelve o'clock at night. He

GEORGE MARK ELLIOTT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary
57422

told me he had a way to escape if there was any hazard. I resolved to stay with him that night. When we were well lien down, the troopers came to the door and we hastily escaped out of a window three house high, and slid down the wall without any hurt, and mercifully and wonderfully escaped their hands."

After many years, freedom to worship God according to his conscience was granted, and he wrote gratefully:

"I remark this: the mighty power of God. When He has a mind to deliver His Church and people, none can withstand it. Our deliverance was eminently His hand. 'Lo, this is our God and we waited for Him: we rejoice in His salvation.'"

During the years of his wandering he had lost the farm of which he had been tenant, and all his goods had been destroyed. Yet he hoped to begin farming once more.

"Being brought up from my infancy with husbandry, it was my inclination if I had the opportunity of taking a farm, I would have taken it. We had no hopes of our own possession at Broxburn, which we were put wrongously out of, for the man that came to it had taken a tack for nineteen years from my Lord Cardross and his chamberlain. Besides, our stock was so small that we could not think of plenishing that farm. Yet the Providence of God so ordered that there was a break in that man's tack at seven years, so that he came and quitted the farm by a notary public. Lord Cardross was not desirous that he should have done it, not knowing a tenant for it. But there was a friend of my Lord, knowing that I

came out of that farm, enquired of me if I would take our own farm again. I said I would gladly, but our stock was small to plenish it. He said: 'Fear no' that; I will help you to plenish it.'

"My Lord being but new come home, I went to him and told him I would take that farm. He said: 'I am glad of it. There shall no man get it before you can plenish it.' My greatest puzzle was about the plenishing, thinking I had been two times robbed already, being put out of two farms before this. Times seeming yet to be dangerous, I thought: 'What if I should borrow from other to lose their goods?' I desired to seek counsel of the Lord what to do, a door being opened to return again where we were wrongously put out from. And the Lord bore in that Scripture upon me: Isaiah lxii, 8. 'Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies, and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast laboured. But they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord.'

"After this I ventured, and got the farm plenished by the favour of friends; and the Lord prospered us so that at this time there is little or nothing owing to any. I observed the Lord's good providence in providing for us, so that we are even as well in the world as those that complied with the enemy, and went over the belly of their light-heard curates and took bonds and tests."

But there were other reasons for praising God: "Being settled here, the Lord graciously provided the gospel in the place. We got that eminent servant of the Lord, Mr. George Barclay, which was my very

choice. Thus ye see the Lord's good providence in providing both spiritual and temporal mercies to us, and to the Church of God. 'Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable. One generation shall praise Thy works to another and shall declare Thy mighty acts. I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy majesty and of Thy wondrous works. They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and shall sing of Thy righteousness!'"

In closing his record of God's providences, the Scotsman wrote:

"This I can say of my own experience: God puts none a-warfare upon their own charges, but grants suitable supplies, as their necessity requires. And this is not only my experience, but the experience of many in this generation. I do testify this, who am one of the most unworthy that ever were hunted, spoiled, and robbed for His name's sake. Our martyrs testified to this, who have declared upon scaffolds they would not change their lot with their adversaries; that their lot was fallen unto them in pleasant places, and that they had a goodly heritage."

When one is tempted to feel that God does not interest Himself in the lives of ordinary people, it would be worth while to read the experience of the Covenanter as interpreted by himself. His simple trust will be a needed stimulus to faith.

FOUR

THE SEQUEL OF ADVERSITY

XIII

THE SILVER LINING OF DARK CLOUDS

THE trust in God that counts is trust in the midst of difficulty, trust when everything seems to be giving way, and the eye of flesh can see no ray of light. It is a simple thing to trust when everything goes well—but to trust when sorrows multiply is another matter. This is the trust God wants from His people.

In the early days of the telephone it was found that the carbon button, which was a necessary part of the transmitting apparatus, was too soft, and quickly wore away when in use. It was determined to temper it in the terrific heat of a gas furnace. The process was successful, and is employed to this day. Just so God sees that His people need tempering. The only way to temper them is by causing them to bear the heat of trial and the fire of affliction. They have no reason to think anything but that the process is for their best interests; yet they do. And then, by God's blessing, they come out of the fire and the heat unharmed. They have grown in the knowledge of Him. They are strengthened to resist evil. They are better prepared for His service. They are ready to enjoy life more than they could have done, and heaven will be richer for them than would have been the case if they had not been afflicted.

To an old man, a lover of nature, once surrounded by friends, but later entirely alone in the world, and

fast losing his eyesight, an acquaintance wrote: "It is good to think that the eyes that are closing to the light have had indelibly impressed on them the vision of God's glory in the world. I like to think of you as I think of Paul. When he was blind, how he must have dwelt on the memory of that last sight when Jesus revealed Himself in glory on the Damascus road. And when his eyes were opened what greater joy was his because he saw life with new vision. So it must be for you. If God closes your eyes to the beauties of earth, may it be only to reveal Himself to you more clearly, so that, when the lids are opened in the Glory land, you may stand all amazed at the transcendent vision of Christ."

An earnest Christian minister, who had lived for nearly half a century with the wife whom God had given him, and then was called upon to bid her good-by for the few months or years until he should himself be sent for to join her, surprised even those near friends who knew the strength of his trust in God, by saying, on the Thanksgiving which followed his wife's home-going: "I am thankful to find the sunset slope of life so beautiful; that is so often God's way to make a great sorrow the forerunner of a great joy."

In the blessings God brings from the dreaded darkness is the inspiration for renewed consecration of the life to His service. One who had just gone through anguish that almost broke his heart said, only a little while after the darkest days: "I have found God's sympathy and love and patience just the same every day. My thankfulness can find no expression save

in the consuming desire to love more and serve better."

It is necessary to serve actively if one would see the silver lining. Expectation of something good to result from each event of life must not lead to idleness. Desire to discover what God may have in store must never cause one to join the ranks of those who are always "waiting for something to turn up." God's richest blessings are reserved for those who are most ready to listen to Him. He calls to action. To those who are going, doing, daring, serving, climbing, resisting, fighting, the blessing comes from Him.

XIV

CAPTIVITY THAT LED TO FREEDOM

HIS name was Kaboo when he lived in the forests of West Africa. When he was eleven years old he was kidnapped and held for ransom. His father, a village king, was unable to pay the sum demanded for his release, and the little captive was left to the tender mercies of the robber chief. Disappointed in his hope of gain, he treated the boy cruelly, whipping him severely every day.

At length, when he could bear his captivity no longer, Kaboo ran off into the woods. He wandered about for many days, and at last found his way to the seacoast. There he secured work on a coffee plantation.

One of his fellow-workmen, a boy from his own section of the country, was a Christian. He told Kaboo of Christ, and took him to church. Although the heathen boy could not understand a word of English, he was much impressed by the service. From his companion he learned of God and of the Christian's privilege of prayer. At once he began to "talk to his Father," as he called it, and soon became an earnest Christian.

While he remained at the coffee plantation, a missionary became interested in him, and taught him to read and write English. Advised by her, he changed his name to Samuel Morris. Later, he worked in

Liberia as a house-painter. There he learned many things about the Holy Spirit, and was much attracted by the new teaching. He spent hours with the missionaries talking of Him. Again and again he returned to them to renew the conversation.

One day the laughing remark was made to him, "If you want to know any more about the Holy Spirit, you must go to Stephen Merritt, of New York."

That was the last seen of Samuel by the missionaries. Determined to find Stephen Merritt, he started at once for the seacoast. A sailing vessel was there when he arrived, and he applied for passage. His answer was a kick. He passed the night on the sand, and applied once more. His perseverance had its reward, for the captain determined to use him in the place of a sailor who had deserted during the night.

The voyage was long and trying. The work was strange and difficult. But Samuel was spurred on by his eagerness for knowledge, and the days passed pleasantly. It is related that he saw his opportunity for Christian service during the long weeks of the voyage, and took advantage of it. In consequence of his faithfulness, the captain and half the crew were converted before the vessel reached New York.

On landing, he asked the first man he met for Stephen Merritt. Now Rev. Stephen Merritt was a mission worker on Eighth Avenue, and the man addressed was a tramp who had come in contact with him. So it was not long before the traveller from Africa was face to face with the man he sought.

Mr. Merritt was just starting to keep an engagement, and he left the lad in the mission. On his re-

turn at 10:30 P.M., he found him still on the platform. Seventeen men were seeking Christ at the altar, led there in response to the African's earnest pleas.

The young people of Mr. Merritt's Sunday School became interested in the African convert, who, on his first evening in a strange land, had begun to work for Christ. They clothed him, and sent him to the Bishop William Taylor University at Fort Wayne, Indiana. There he was cordially received. He speedily won his way to the hearts of students and teachers alike. His earnest, simple Christian life appealed to all who knew him. Everybody called him "Sammy."

When callers came to his room, it was his custom to ask them to read a chapter and pray with him. On one occasion, he made the request of a young man who said he did not believe the Bible. But the chapter was read and prayer was offered, nevertheless, and when the unbeliever left the room, he was a Christian.

A professor in the school once said of him:

"He was a child of prayer. Many a time have I gone down the hall where he roomed, and heard him 'talking to his Father.' He was as calm and matter-of-fact about it as though he had been talking to me. I have heard his prayers early in the morning, before the other students were up. I have heard them late at night, after all the others were asleep. I have quietly set the door ajar and looked at the earnest face turned toward heaven; but he was not distracted. His talk with God absorbed him, and he was oblivious of my presence. One of his fellow-pupils, Thomas Newbern, says he has often gone to his room and found him engaged in audible prayer. He would pay no at-

tention whatever to the knock at the door, but would continue to talk with God, until his soul was satisfied. Then he would come to the door, smiling, and say: 'Now come in; we are done talking for this time.'"

It was the plan of the young African to go back to his people as a missionary. But the cold winter of 1893 was too much for him. He took a cold, which finally developed into dropsy. His death followed in a short time. His grave is in the Fort Wayne cemetery.

The first students' prayer-meeting after his death was a memorial meeting. Many had spoken of the life which had so recently ended, when a young man rose and declared his purpose to go to Africa in "Sammy's" place. Almost immediately, two others volunteered for the same service. A student, writing of the meeting, said: "So, instead of one, we had three who were preparing to go to Africa."

XV

THE FAILURE WHO HELPED HIS FELLOWS

A NEW YORK business man named Andress S. Floyd lost his fortune by unwise acts. He was discouraged and "he fell to the gutter of complete failure"—to use the words of one who told the story[1] of this failure, and what followed.

Bitter experience among men who had "lost their grip" made him eager not only to become a man again, but to inspire in others a distaste for their life and to help them in the struggle for better things. There were many who discouraged him. They pointed to the failure of other attempts made to put discouraged men on their feet. How could he hope to be successful when better men than he had given up in despair?

The pessimism of those who talked to him did not disturb him. He knew that others had failed; but he felt that they had not gone about matters in the right way. They had been content to fling charity in the faces of those whom they tried to reach. He was sure he knew a better way. In his own words: "Most of the men who are down and out can be saved if they are helped right; but they are not fools, and you must not act like a fool if you want to help them."

At first he worked alone, taking young men into his home, treating them as personal friends, trying to give

[1] In *The World's Work*.

them a vision of the possibility of a life of conquest. His efforts succeeded to such a degree that he was encouraged to approach a millionaire, whom he asked for a farm "to take care of the masterless men who were coming to him to win back self-mastery." The millionaire's knowledge of work already done satisfied him that the plan outlined by Mr. Floyd was good. So an abandoned farm of fifty acres at Union, New Jersey, was bought for the continuation of the experiment.

From that time the farmhouse has always been crowded by men of these seven classes described by an observer: "The man unable to find employment, the man in middle life who has lost his business, the intemperate young man trying to control himself, the country boy stranded in the city, the rich man's son, wayward and estranged from his family, the man discouraged through domestic trouble, and the man run down physically and mentally and needing outdoor work."

At one time there were on the farm "a man who once acted as secretary to a successful New England novelist, a New York newspaper editor and an architectural draftsman of some prominence." Two of these men had lost control of themselves through drink; the others did not explain the reason for their downfall. Nor were they asked to explain. The purpose of the colony is not to pry into the affairs of the inmates, but to encourage them to make a fresh start, to show them how and when they can be of use in the world.

Mr. Floyd's philosophy of help has been stated

tersely by himself: "It is not merely a question of giving; it is also a question of giving right. If you give a man merely food or money, you don't give him much. If you give him anything and along with it give him the feeling that he is a miserable creature, hardly fit to live, and that you help him only because you want to maintain your position of superiority to him, you don't help him; you hurt him. It is bad to give a man anything; the way to help him is to help him earn it. These men who are in need of help have, before they come seeking help, condemned themselves much more severely than you or I ever will condemn them. If we help them merely by handing them something, we make them despise themselves. After that a man isn't much good. But if you take a man and give him a thought along with your assistance, you help him. Men and boys come here to us discouraged and embittered, convinced that there is no use trying further. Now, if you take those men and give them a chance to see how mistaken they are, to see that they are not helpless and that they can make good, you have helped them to a new point of view."

When a man came to the farm he was set to work, and at once. Mr. Floyd's own experience taught him that until a man quits thinking of his misfortune, he is not apt to begin to be fortunate; and he knew that work is the best preventive of brooding. So the work of the house and the farm was done by the men themselves. For those whom farm work and house work would not interest, other manual labour was provided.

The best way to understand the Self-Mastery Colony is to read the story of one of the colonists. A young

man of twenty-one was discharged from a reformatory at Elmira, New York, where he had been a model prisoner until three days before the time first set for his release. Then he lost his head, started an uproar among the prisoners, and was compelled to serve six months additional—the time he had earned by previous good conduct.

In New York he tried to find work, but the taint of the prison was on him, and no one would employ him. He became sullen, for he felt that society was against him. When he was on the verge of starvation, he decided there was nothing before him but a life of crime. To be sure, he could apply for charity; but he wanted to be a man.

Just then Mr. Floyd met him in a boys' free lodging house in New York City. The philanthropist listened to his story, and asked him to go down with him to the New Jersey farm to stay there until he was ready to face the world and earn his living. He was told that all his companions would ask of him would be forgetfulness of the past.

The boy thought this too good to be true; he felt there must be some scheme back of the invitation. But he went to the farm, though he continued for a week to be suspicious. "When he saw that the head of the colony desired to make, not a saint or an object lesson out of him, but a man, the boy began to stiffen his spine and hold up his head. For this is what his sound young soul was hungering for—the chance to be a man."

At the end of two months he told Mr. Floyd that it was time he was making way for some one else;

he was on his feet, and he would go out and look for work. He was told that he was to look on the colony as his home till the work was found. Next morning he left the farm. At night he returned. Next day he tried once more; at night he was back to report failure. The third day it was the same. Next day a letter came from him; he had found work, which he did acceptably for months. Six months later he reappeared. There was a new ring in his voice, as he asked:

"Remember me, Mr. Floyd?"

Then he began to tell of his degradation when he came to the colony. But he was interrupted by Mr. Floyd:

"Hold on! You've got that wrong. You're a friend of mine that I happened to meet while you had a streak of bad luck!"

That correction tells one reason why the colony accomplished so much. There men were looked on as men, no matter what they had done; they were taught to think of themselves as men; and in the end they were apt to become men who were doing work worth while.

The man who was responsible for this training was made ready for his work of love by an experience of hardship that—at the time—he thought most unjust. Later, however, he rejoiced that the experience was his, because of what came of it in the providence of God.

XVI

WHAT POVERTY BROUGHT

IN a pleasant little home in New York City there was sorrow one March day in 1837, for business misfortunes made it necessary for the father, H. W. Warner, to ask his two motherless daughters, Susan and Anna, and his sister, to give up their servants, their carriage, their greenhouse, their private teachers, and most of the comforts to which they had long been accustomed, to go with him to a new home on an island in the Hudson River, near West Point.

Both father and daughters and aunt, rejoicing in the thought they still had each other, wasted no regrets on the vanished comforts, and cheerfully made up their minds to be happy in their new surroundings. Mr. Warner went back and forth to the city, while the daughters spent their time helping in the work of the house or wandering in the woods on the island. Soon they became accustomed to the outdoor life, and were never so happy as when, ax in hand, they chopped fallen trees and cut away branches for the bonfire or the wood pile.

Anna, the younger sister, writing of these days in the pages of the biography of her sister Susan, said:

" If ' stone walls do not a prison make,' neither does poverty make one poor. Looking back, I can guess a little what the fight and struggle were; but through it all we learned to cling to each other in a way that made us millionaires. No one can measure the intense

strength of the love that in those years grew up between us four. What did my father mind, after all, when he had us! Or we, though the world turned off and left us, if only it did not distress him! And life was full, not only of work, but of the fine experience which thrives on the stoniest soil. We learned what life means, and that no work is dry which is done with cheery good-will for a loving purpose. What delight to make my father's shirts, and to iron them as daintily as young hands could! And when my sister in her zeal made the neck gathers so fine that they would not go into the band, what fun we made of them and of her! How pleasant to cook up some dainty dish after a tired day, and what could be sweeter than to surprise Aunt Fanny with some bit of darning, finished and not left for her to do! At one or two of the holiday times, when we had no money for gifts, my sister made elaborate candy boxes for my cousin Ellen and me."

It was just at this time that the sisters became earnest Christians and united with the church. Side by side they stood at the altar, and side by side they went through life, their hearts knit more closely than ever because of their faith in Christ.

As the pinch of poverty was felt still more, they began to make an original game of natural history for a New York publishing house, colouring the cards by hand. There were twenty-four cards in each set, yet one of the workers became so skilful that she was able to finish twelve sets in a day. A little book of facts was written to accompany the game. The income from the work was small, but it was enough

to make the sisters eager to have a part still larger in lifting the burdens from their father's shoulders. So, when "Aunt Fanny" suggested to Susan that she try to write a story, "the first dim, far-off notion of 'The Wide, Wide World' came into her head."

The story grew rapidly. As she washed dishes, or mended, or swept, characters and incidents came to her. When the household work was done, she would sit down and write. It was a joy to her to feel that she was not working alone—God and she were partners. Here was "not the mere wish to write a book that should do service to her Master, but a vivid, constant looking to Him for guidance and help; the worker and her work both laid humbly at His feet. In that sense, the book was written upon her knees, and the Lord's blessing has followed it down to this day." No wonder many people have traced their conversion to the reading of "The Wide, Wide World."

In a little over a year the book was finished. Then it was put aside for a season, for there was immediate need of money, which could be earned only by strict attention to the natural-history game. It was the crisis in the Warners' affairs. The home had to be stripped of many of its treasures in order that as many as possible of the claims against Mr. Warner might be met, for he was determined to pay these, even if he could be morally freed from them. The piano, books, engravings, all went.

But the four members of the family were left to each other, and all knew that God would never leave them. So they took heart and went on once more. "The place was very bare, where so many precious

things had been," Anna wrote: "but peace was left . . . God was with us; and He was leading us by unknown paths to grounds which He had chosen."

The marked success of the book soon confirmed her faith. The first edition was promptly exhausted; soon copies were sold at a premium. Susan Warner's name was famous, the poverty was relieved, and the Christians in the house took more joy than ever in one another's company, rejoicing that God had led them by ways of His own choosing.

XVII

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE

IN 1794 Grant Thorburn, a young Scotch immigrant, landed in New York City. He hoped to make his living by working at his trade as a maker of cut nails. But he soon learned that a nail-cutting machine had recently been introduced, and he could obtain no permanent employment. The future looked black. What was he to do? For a time the promises of God, on which he had been depending, seemed to him to fail.

After a season or two spent in odds and ends of work, he started a small grocery store. A competitor drove him out of business. He started a second store, with little success. One day, in his new place of business, he set on the counter a rose geranium in a pot which he had decorated himself. A customer pleaded for the plant and pot. A second plant was bought, another pot decorated, and this was soon disposed of in the same way. Mr. Thorburn was not slow to see his opportunity. He gave up his grocery, and started a flower and seed business, which soon developed until Grant Thorburn was a man to be reckoned with by others who had been in the business for years.

The lesson of this experience is given in the quaint words of Mr. Thorburn. "You see, what I thought to be misfortunes were only blessings in disguise. When the cut nails cut me out, I thought it a mis-

fortune. Being cut out of a grocery, I thought that was another misfortune. But by this Providence was leading me into a more pleasant business."

Why cannot we learn that lesson once for all? Is life hard, in spite of our best endeavours? Let us expect the best. When we are distressed and troubled about many things, let us assure ourselves that somehow all these things are for us, not against us. Let us patiently wait the outcome.

What a different aspect life would wear if our attitude were always one of expectant waiting to discover what God has in store for us as the fruit of trial, what blessing is to be born of every sorrow and disappointment and grief! How little attention has been paid to this greatest of all fields for discovery—our own lives!

The future is a closed book. Sometimes we wish that we might read that book, and so know the events of the years to come. But we seldom think how God is foreshadowing our future, that each event of every day has its own meaning and its own bearing on our lives.

Suppose, then, that we enter each day in the spirit of the explorer of unknown lands. We can look on everything which comes to us in the way of duty as laden with vast possibilities of blessing. We do not need to think with resignation, "We know not what a day may bring forth," as though that truth holds out only a forecast of disappointment and defeat. We can open our eyes to see the ultimate good which God will bring to us through the events whose meaning is so uncertain.

We have every reason for certainty of the issue. For in our lives, when they are yielded to God's leading, there will be good and only good. We must expect it. It will come.

XVIII

THE ARTIST WHO BECAME AN INVENTOR

EARLY in the nineteenth century a promising young man named Samuel F. B. Morse was studying art in London. At that time Benjamin West was at the head of the Royal Academy and instruction was of the best. Friends and teachers alike predicted a career of great promise for the young student. His father—a Congregationalist clergyman—was ready to make any necessary sacrifice that his son might have the benefit of instruction which competent critics said he should have.

The years in London were profitably spent. In 1813 he was awarded the Adelphi gold medal for the best original cast of a single figure. He tried his hand successfully on pictures, but was prevented from undertaking some of the large canvases to which he was urged by Mr. West because of the expense of framing them. In a letter home he spoke regretfully of spending twenty pounds for a single frame; he knew how scarce money was in the New England home. Yet his parents felt that the expenditure was well worth while when they learned that the large picture was accepted for the annual exhibition at Somerset House, though six hundred canvases were refused admission. Critics of the *British Press* of May 4, 1813, said that the picture of the young artist was among the best nine paintings of nearly one thousand on exhibition,

though Turner, Northcote, Lawrence, and Wilkie were among the exhibitors. The critic of the *London Globe* of May 14, 1813, named Mr. Morse as the leader among the unknown men whose works were on view, and added that his picture, "The Dying Hercules," was among the first twelve of the "preëminent work of this exhibition."

He developed much aptitude as a portrait painter, and a brilliant future was prophesied for him in this difficult branch of his art. But his ambition was for other work. In his own words:

"My ambition is to be among those who shall revive the glories of the fifteenth century; to rival the genius of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, or a Titian. My ambition is to be enlisted in the constellation of genius which is now rising in this country. I wish to shine not by a light borrowed from them, but to strive to shine the brightest."

Perhaps these dreams were somewhat impractical, for Morse was not a genius as an artist, though his work showed him to be an artist of a most unusual order.

After his return home he painted many portraits. In 1818 he was commissioned to paint the portrait of James Monroe, then President of the United States. This portrait is still to be seen in the City Hall of Charleston, South Carolina. Other famous men whose likenesses he painted were General Lafayette, Henry Clay, Chancellor Kent, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Thorwaldsen, and Major-General Stark. The portrait of General Lafayette hangs in the City Hall in New York City.

The story of the remaining years of his career as an artist was told by Edward L. Morse, in *Scribner's Magazine:*

"About the year 1822, Morse painted the large picture of the House of Representatives (now Statuary Hall) which hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, the capital of the United States. This was more in line with the monumental work which it was his ambition to produce; it contains over eighty portraits of the legislators of that day. Although it is excellent as a work of art and is much admired by the painters of the present day, it attracted little attention at the time and proved a pecuniary loss to the painter. The times were not yet ripe for works of that character. It was not until about ten years later, after Morse had again visited Europe, and had perfected himself still further in his art, that his great opportunity came.

"The selection of artists to paint the great historical pictures for the panels of the Capitol, at Washington, was referred to the Committee in Congress of which John Quincy Adams, ex-President and member of Congress, was a member, and Morse, strongly endorsed by Washington Allston and the National Academy of Design, confidently expected to be chosen to paint at least one or two of these pictures.

"Mr. Adams wished to throw the competition open to the artists of all countries, saying that there were no American artists of sufficient ability to paint such great pictures. A caustic reply to Mr. Adams's assertions appeared anonymously in the New York *Evening Post,* and was attributed by him to the facile pen of

Morse. The real author proved to be James Fenimore Cooper, but this became known too late, for Morse's name was rejected by the committee.

"He never really recovered from this terrible blow to his artistic ambition. He could never speak of it in later years unmoved; it practically ended his career as an artist.

"What seem to be calamities are often blessings in disguise. Morse, the artist, dropped his discouraged brush—and threw himself with all the ardour of his sanguine nature into the perfection of what was then looked upon as the idle dream of a madman; he struggled on through years of hardship and privation, and gave to the world the electric telegraph."

Probably the memory of the wonderful way in which he had been led against his own inclination came to his mind when Miss Ellsworth sent the first message over the first telegraph line, "What hath God wrought?"

XIX

DIRECTED BY PRIVATION

JANE ADDAMS, an Illinois village girl—an ambitious student at Rockford Seminary—rejoiced when she was appointed to represent that institution in the intercollegiate oratorical contest at Jacksonville. Her heart was set on victory. It seemed to her that everything depended on her success. But she was disappointed; others carried off the honours.

In the effort to forget her disappointment she turned her attention during the remainder of her stay to the famous charitable institutions of Jacksonville, especially the institution for the blind and the deaf and dumb. Contact with those who were devoting themselves to service of the unfortunate proved so engrossing that it was difficult to return to her studies.

Those visits among the unfortunate, which would, perhaps, never have been made but for the disappointment in the contest, intensified the interest she had always felt in the poor and needy, and it was not long before she determined to give her life to alleviating their condition.

From Rockford she went to the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, where she hoped to take a full course of training in preparation for the work of which she dreamed. But her plans were interrupted by aggravated spinal trouble. For six months she lay on her back. As she suffered she thought of those who had to bear pain worse than hers without her

pleasant surroundings. Her heart went out to them, and she longed to help them.

When she was able to be about once more, her physicians prescribed two years in Europe. Wherever she went she gravitated naturally to the poorer sections of the cities she visited. In London, on a Saturday night, she had a never-to-be-forgotten experience in the East End. On Mile-End Road, from the top of an omnibus, she saw hungry-looking types of the "submerged tenth" bidding their few half-pence for decayed vegetables offered by two hucksters. One man, who had secured a cabbage, "instantly sat down on the curb, tore it with his teeth, and hastily devoured it, unwashed and uncooked as it was." No wonder Miss Addams says: "During the following two years on the continent, while I was irresistibly drawn to the poorer quarters of each city, nothing among the beggars of south Italy or the salt miners of Austria carried with it the same conviction of human wretchedness which was conveyed by this momentary glimpse of an East London street."

In her own land, after her return from Europe, she found misery that seemed nearly as great, but not in the cities. It was in a Western state where farmers, impoverished by drought and crop failures, were living in misery, their very animals showing by their gaunt frames the scarcity of food. To her horror, she learned that her own fairly good income came from investments in farm mortgages in this very region. At once she called in her investments, failing to realize that this was not, perhaps, the kindest thing to do under the circumstances. Perhaps it was the

memory of this precipitancy that, years later, enabled her to deal in a better way with a somewhat similar situation. As a worker at Hull House she had found fault with the owners of some disreputable tenement buildings in her neighbourhood. The owners at once agreed to turn over the buildings to Hull House, to be dealt with as she saw fit. The income from the buildings was several thousand dollars, and Hull House needed money sorely, but she bravely decided to demolish the buildings, which were too far gone to be made habitable.

The dream to be helpful led her to formulate her plans for settlement work. "I gradually became convinced," she says, "that it would be a good thing to rent a house in a part of the city where many primitive and actual needs are found, in which young women who had been given over too exclusively to study might restore a balance of activity along traditional lines and learn of life from life itself; where they might try out some of the things they had been taught, and put truth to the ultimate test of the conduct it dictates or inspires."

The activities of Hull House and its residents are too numerous to catalogue. Inmates of the poorhouse were invited to reside there for a two-weeks' "vacation." A mothers' club was conducted, and mothers were taught the privilege of loving their children. Sometimes the teaching was not appreciated, but once when a working mother lost a child she made known her purpose to stay at home for one day to give her baby a taste of the mother love for which the dead child had hungered in vain. . . . When typhoid fever

was epidemic in the neighbourhood because of ineffective garbage regulations, Miss Addams was willing to become garbage inspector for her ward. The effective way in which she did her work is told to this day. . . . Free baths were given in the basement, until the city council was aroused, and provision was made for the first public bathhouse erected in the neighbourhood. . . . Trade instruction was given to boys, enough at least to point out their aptitude and lead them to technical schools.

These activities are going on to-day, directed by Jane Addams, the village girl whose disappointment in the oratorical contest, and whose weak back were used by God as means to direct her into paths that have made her a blessing to hundreds of thousands of the poor.

FIVE

ACCIDENTS THAT PROVED BLESSINGS

XX

GRATITUDE FOR AFFLICTION

THOUSANDS of years ago the writer of the 119th Psalm, said:

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted,
That I might learn Thy statutes,"

and again,

"Before I was afflicted I went astray,
But now I observe Thy word."

Countless men and women since his day have had a similar experience, and have had occasion to thank God for the misfortune that once seemed so grievous.

A pastor in New York City, in the course of his visiting, found a parishioner who learned to rejoice in an affliction of which, at first, he thought as a trial not to be borne. How he learned that in love God permitted it to come to him was later told by this pastor:

"In South Brooklyn there sits a man by his front window looking out meditatively on the passing throngs. He is a man of fine appearance—big of body, an intellectual forehead, a clear eye. He has sat there for weeks. The cause was an accident. He was out with some friends one night rather late, and was in haste to catch a trolley car. The car failed to stop, and he ran by its side intending to spring on, but in crossing other tracks caught his toe, stumbled and fell, with his foot under the wheel. The consequence was that four toes had to be amputated, and

he was forced to be long inactive. For one naturally industrious this was a severe trial, but inactivity furnished a blessing. He learned what he otherwise would not have learned. Once thoroughly religious, identified with all the activities of a neighbouring church, he was side-tracked, according to his own confession, in the pursuit of politics. So the church disappeared on his landscape and the party headquarters became his meeting-house."

But the accident and its results made him think. Daily family prayer is one of the results; a sense of the brevity and frailty of life is another, a dependence on the will of God is a third, gratitude for even sparing life a fourth. Then there was the resolution to seek God's house when health was restored, and the determination to give his life to God's service.

Rev. W. S. McTavish, a pastor in Canada, once related a similar and even more striking incident. He said:

"Those who have seen the late Dr. G. M. Grant, principal of Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, will remember that he always wore a black mitten upon his right hand. In his early life he met with an accident in which this hand was so severely injured that only a stump of it remained. But though he suffered this disability, he made such progress that he rose to be one of the foremost men in Canada. As an educationalist, as an administrator, and as an ecclesiastical statesman, he had few equals in the Dominion. He was naturally of a kindly nature, but it is probable that his own early sufferings made him more alert to discover, and more prompt to assist, cases of distress.

"Some years ago, Dr. Grant revisited the little village in Nova Scotia where he began his ministry. On the night before the day he had set for his departure, he heard that a little lad that day had lost his hand. Though it was about ten o'clock at night when Dr. Grant heard the sad news, he at once asked his host if it would not be possible for them to go out to see the little fellow. The host hesitated at first, because the wounded lad lived some little distance out of the village, the night was dark and rainy, and there were neither street lamps nor sidewalks; but when he saw how determined the principal was to go, and when he remembered that that would be the only opportunity his guest would have of seeing the boy, he procured a lantern, and together they set off. Along the muddy and deserted street they went, and in due time reached the place. Very tenderly did the good doctor talk to the boy; indeed, no mother could have spoken more sympathetically. Taking off his black mitten, and showing his maimed hand, he said:

"'The accident to that hand made a man of me. It was after I met with it that I resolved to be a preacher of the Gospel. God has been very gracious to me, and He will be to you. You are not so badly off as I was, because you have only lost your left hand, whereas I lost my right. So you see you have the advantage of me.'"

XXI

THE ACCIDENT THAT MADE HIM

HOW what seemed a grievous misfortune was the means of transforming a useless tramp into a valuable member of society was told a few years ago in a rather unusual book of biography published in England. The story is worth telling because of its presentation of the bright side of misfortune, and by reason of the encouragement given to determined struggle against what may seem overwhelming odds.

A restless boy in Bristol, England, who had been in serious trouble at home because of his unruly disposition, ran away to America with a little money in his pocket, part of a small legacy from his grandmother's estate. In Boston he met a tramp who proposed to take him to Chicago.

That trip was the beginning of five years of vagabondage in all parts of the United States east of the Mississippi. The boy reached the lowest depths of depravity. He had a taste for better things, but he did not encourage it. Once in a great while, when in a city, he would steal away to the public library and read for a few hours. At these times longings for a better life stirred in him. But he was too lazy to encourage them, and he drifted back to the life of a tramp, taking pleasure in getting the better of kind-hearted women, and feeling no qualms over deceiving them with false stories. Several times he worked for a season, once on a fruit farm in Michigan. There

he was employed by a prosperous German, who took such a fancy to him that it was proposed that he remain as the adopted son of the family, he to own the property after the death of the German. But the settled life had no attractions for him, and he turned his back on his friends.

One winter he spent in various county jails in Michigan, not as a law-breaker, but as a vagabond. The weather was cold, and he went to the towns and sought the privilege of remaining in the jails, for it was more comfortable there.

He was not without good qualities. For one thing he was very generous, always ready to divide his last coin with a companion in distress, even though this meant privation for himself.

He made several trips to England on a cattle steamer, earning a few dollars by the hard labour of caring for hundreds of cattle on the way to British markets. After one of these trips he went home, resolved that it was time to make something of himself after wasting five years of his life.

Once at home he put off the time for the actual beginning of the uphill fight to respectability, living on the income accumulated from his grandmother's small legacy during the years of his absence.

At the end of six months he weakly gave in to the craving for travel, deceived his mother as to his movements, and stole away to America once more. After wasting most of the money brought from England, he started for the Klondike in company with another tramp. He succeeded in stealing rides on the trains till he was in Ontario. Then, one day when he tried

to jump on a moving train, he fell under the wheels and lost one foot. A long hospital experience, during which the leg was twice amputated, was followed by a sad return to England. There he bought an artificial leg—and began to think seriously of the future.

After a season spent at home in reading, he made his way to London, and took up his quarters in a cheap lodging house where his income of ten shillings a week would barely keep him. After a while a decline in the rate of interest reduced his income to eight shillings, and he further diminished this amount by voluntarily sending two shillings a week to a needy relative.

For two years he remained at the first lodging house surrounding himself with books, reading and writing poems. Scores of manuscripts were sent to publishers, but none were wanted. Then a book of verse was prepared. When he sought a publisher he found he could put his book on the market if he would pay twenty-five pounds for the edition. He tried in various ways to raise the money. Finally he appealed to the lawyer who had control of his little property. The lawyer promised to provide the necessary sum at the end of six months, provided he would draw nothing during the interval. Thus nearly half the amount would become his due; the other half would be advanced to be repaid through later economy.

It was then spring, and the reformed tramp proposed to support himself by turning peddler. But his leg was worn out; he must have a new one. A charity organization finally gave him one, after forcing him to earn it several times over by untangling the red tape

put in his way. Then came six months of privation, tramping by day, sleeping in the fields at night. Once, in a soaking rain storm, he took shelter under shocks of wheat, made into a rude tent. In the morning he was literally soaked to the skin. The sun soon came out, and dried his rags, and he went on his way rejoicing.

The six months at an end, the needed sum was secured, and the book was published. Then he seemed no better off than before. No one would buy his books. Once he was on the point of burning them, but resolved to try again. Finally he disposed of a few. Then some of the reviewers began to talk about him. The public became interested. Other volumes were printed, until the ex-tramp became the author of half a dozen books.

And he would probably never have been heard from if it had not been for the accident that caused him to give up the life of a vagabond when he had proved himself too weak-willed to persist in the change of life he knew was his duty.

XXII

THE DELAY THAT BROUGHT JOY

FROM his home in San Francisco a business man who had always been indifferent to God's claims sent word to a Christian man in Philadelphia that he was coming to see him on a business errand. He said he would have but a few hours in the city; would it be possible to give him prompt attention so that he might go on his way without unnecessary loss of time?

Word was sent to him that the arrangements would be made as he desired. He was due on Saturday afternoon. The Christian man waited at his office until a message told of a delayed train, and of the Californian's hope that the business could be transacted on Sunday.

When the Eastern friend returned from church he found the traveller at his door. "I am sorry to trouble you on Sunday," he began to excuse himself, "but under the circumstances can you not discuss business with me this afternoon? I must leave by the evening train."

The business was very important, not only to the Californian, but to his host. Yet the latter was not even for one moment tempted to break the habits of years. Courteously he said that it would be impossible to take up the question until Monday morning. The face of the visitor fell, as he thought what an unpleasant thing it was to deal with a Christian and a prig! And he was ready to leave the city at once, tak-

ing to another place the business opportunity he had intended to open up before his host.

"But while we cannot talk business this afternoon, we can talk of other things," the Christian added, with a genial smile. "Won't you stay in our home until to-morrow?"

A moment before the Californian would have laughed at the suggestion. When he heard the invitation to remain, the compelling charm of the man who gave it, and of the wife who seconded it, was so great that he surprised himself by accepting. He spent the afternoon, and was delighted to find how pleasantly the time passed. He knelt with the family at prayers. He went to church with them. In the morning he knelt once more at the family altar.

Next day the business was transacted, and the traveller went on his way.

Several months later a letter came from San Francisco to the Eastern home bearing a message something like this:

"I have never been a Christian man. I made fun of Christians. It seemed to me that they were a lot of hypocrites. Then I came into your home for an afternoon and a night. I went away again, but I could not forget what I had seen and heard. I told my wife about it. To make a long story short, we both united with the church last Sunday, and there is now a family altar in our home. And all this was due to the delayed train that brought me to your home on Sunday. God used that delayed train to lead me to Him."

XXIII

THE STORY OF A BLIND SINGER

FANNY CROSBY, the author of scores of hymns which Christians sing and will sing for generations, loved to dwell on the words of Milton on his blindness, for she too was blind. Unlike Milton, however, she did not remember what it was to see. Her eyesight was lost when she was six weeks old, in consequence of a physician's mistaken treatment of her inflamed eyelids. The result of his error was a lifelong sorrow to him, but Fanny Crosby did not think of him except with thankfulness.

"If I could meet him now," she once said, "I would say, 'Thank you, thank you'—over and over again—'for making me blind, if it was through your agency it came about.'"

To those who expressed wonder at this strange statement, the blind Christian explained that she knew that the blindness was not a blunder on God's part. "I verily believe it was His intention that I should live my days in physical darkness, so as to be better prepared to sing His praises and incite others so to do. I could not have written thousands of hymns—many of which, if you will pardon me for saying it, are sung all over the world—if I had been hindered by the distraction of seeing all the interesting and beautiful objects that would have been presented to my notice."

When Fanny was five years old, her mother took her from the home in the Croton watershed to New

York City, in order to ask a specialist if there was any hope of restoring sight to the eyes of the child. The long journey by sloop down the Hudson proved fruitless; sight was gone beyond recall. The mother's heart was very sad, but Fanny, though so young, was already becoming reconciled.

When Fanny was eight years old, her parents moved to Ridgefield, Conn. There she continued to hope and pray for an education, but when the answer to her prayer was delayed, she did not fret. To express her trust in God she wrote these lines:

Oh, what a happy soul I am;
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't,
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, nor I won't.

As a child she joined with her playmates in romping about the old home place. But it was her great delight to sit and "listen to the voices of nature," which seemed to lift her nearer God. To Him she would go with her longings for an education, that she might be somebody for His glory. "Often," she says, "I would creep off alone, kneel down, and ask God, if, though blind, I was not one of His children; if, in all His great world, He had not some little place for me; and it often seemed to me that I could hear Him say, 'Do not be discouraged, little girl; you shall

some day be happy, and useful, even in your blindness.' "

As Fanny heard the hymns in church and Sunday School, she sometimes wondered who wrote them, and longed herself some day to be a writer of hymns. She stored her mind with passages of Scripture, taught her by her grandmother and her mother, and so had necessary training for what was to be her future work.

In 1834 Mrs. Crosby read to her daughter a circular, sent by a friend, to tell of the New York Institution for the Blind. As the announcement was read, the blind girl clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"Oh, thank God! He has answered my prayer just as I knew He would."

On March 7, 1835, the doors of the institution opened to admit the little singer. There kind teachers showed her the way to knowledge, and her heart was full. For several years she studied, all the while expressing herself in verse. For her facility she was praised so much that one of her instructors thought it wise to warn her that she must not become conceited. "Remember that whatever talent you possess belongs wholly to God, and that you ought to give Him the credit for all that you do." Then he, in a very kindly way, forbade her writing any poetry for three months. She tried to be cheerful, but she soon began to mourn because of her longing to write. She finally became so listless that it was thought wise to remove the prohibition.

At the age of twenty-two the blind girl became one of the instructors in the institution. After teaching

all day, she gave so much of the night to study and writing poetry that her health began to fail, and it was necessary to send her away for a visit. But she reaped the fruit of her toil when, in 1844, her first volume, "The Blind Girl, and Other Poems," was issued.

As early as 1851 Miss Crosby began to write songs, but most of her hymn writing was done after her marriage, in 1858, to Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne. Her husband urged her to continue using her maiden name in giving her poetry to the world; so, through all their married life of forty-two years, she did as he requested, and as "Fanny Crosby" she will always be known.

Some eight thousand hymns were written, the best known of these being "Hold Thou My Hand," "Yes, There Is Pardon for You," "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," "Saved by Grace," "He Hideth My Soul," "Meet Me There," "Rescue the Perishing," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "I Am Thine, O Lord," and "When My Life Work Is Ended." Sometimes these were composed under stress of great excitement within a few minutes, while often they were the result of hours and days of thought.

Perhaps the best known of Fanny Crosby's hymns is "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," which was written in twenty minutes for Mr. Doane, who declared he must have it before going on a journey. "I Am Thine, O Lord," was also written very hastily for Mr. Doane, while "When My Life Work Is Ended" was written for another composer.

Once Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the gospel singer, wrote to her:

"I wish that when you get to heaven (as you may before I will) that you will watch for me at the pearly gate at the eastern side of the city; and when I get there I'll take you by the hand and lead you along the golden street, up to the throne of God, and there we'll stand before the Lamb, and say to Him, 'And now we see Thee face to face, saved by Thy matchless, boundless grace, and we are satisfied.'"

But Mr. Sankey went to heaven first; he it was who waited for Fanny Crosby. At ninety-two years of age she followed him into the presence of the King who led her by strange paths to see His glory and do His work.

SIX

MEN WHOM GOD USED

XXIV

FITTING THE WORKER AND THE WORK

IN 1883 a farmer was surprised by being asked to accept an unsought appointment as member of his State Board of Railway Commissioners. To many a man this would have presented merely a magnificent opportunity to do nothing but draw a salary; in fact, similar appointments were looked upon in many instances as sinecures to be given to men who could be counted on to do nothing. Yet there was grave need in the state for the correction of abuses at the instance of the Railway Commissioners, and a man was wanted who would take the lead.

To the consternation of many railway men and public officials, the farmer determined to be that man. He would do his best to be useful to his fellow citizens who paid his salary. But what could an unknown farmer do? That was the question which puzzled him. He looked about for an answer. He studied the railway man and his needs. And as he studied he was appalled by the number of accidents on freight-trains, by which thousands every year were killed or crippled. Here was his work; he would do what he could to secure better protection for the railway man.

It was a herculean task he had set himself, but he was not daunted by its proportions. When he found it difficult to arouse public sentiment, he was not dis-

couraged. Opposition and indifference only made him the more determined to persist in his efforts.

Meanwhile many politicians gasped at the activity of the farmer-commissioner who dared to dream of doing something. The railway officials of the state, if they thought of him at all, regarded him only as an enthusiast who could not touch them.

The first victory came in 1887, when a law requiring the railroads of his state to equip freight-cars with safety appliances was enacted by the legislature. But this was only a beginning. At his own expense he went to Washington and drafted a bill for a law requiring automatic couplers, power brakes, safety grab-irons, and an even height of draw-bar on all freight-cars used in interstate commerce.

Then followed a four years' struggle. He was called "an old crank." The railroad companies fought him at every step. A powerful lobby opposed his work. There were many defeats and disappointments. It seemed many times as if the effort was doomed to be a failure.

One by one, however, the barriers were broken down, and to the surprise of the railroads and of the country at large the bill became a law in 1893, on the next to the last day of President Harrison's administration. The safety appliances were duly installed. Within a few years hundreds of lives were saved, while thousands of painful accidents were prevented. Railway officials, once opposed to the commissioner's proposed law, now saw the wisdom of his plan and became his cordial friends.

When the man responsible for this change was

pressed to tell how the great fight was won, he never failed to use the opportunity to point the enquirer to God who rules the hearts of men. "It was not," he insisted, "human power or ability that accomplished the much-needed work which resulted in the saving of so many lives and preventing untold suffering, simply because it was not in the power of any human being to carry such a work to final victory against the combined opposition of all the great railroad corporations of the nation. All along I have felt, as I now feel, that I am used as a tool in the hands of the Lover of Men. To Him be all the praise."

"But how was it all done?" a railroad man once asked him. The answer is worthy of note: "It was prayer; by prayer I was supported in time of disappointment; by prayer I was strengthened for the conflict; and prayer brought the final victory."

The ruling impulse of his life was revealed in these words: "I wish to show that a common man can do considerable good with small means—if he is so disposed, and if he asks God to help him." One who was asked for an explanation of the changes brought about by this humble man said, "We needed a man, and God gave us the man we needed in the most unexpected way, and through the very officials who were opposed to the reforms this man was to carry out."

XXV

FINDING HER LIFE WORK

THE story of how God turned Frances E. Willard aside from other work to be a world leader in the temperance reform is a notable instance of providential direction.

Frances E. Willard, "the uncrowned queen of America," as she was often called, was born at Churchville, New York, September 28, 1839. The Willard family soon after moved to Oberlin, Ohio, then to a farm in the virgin forest near Janesville, Wisconsin. This latter move was made when Frances was seven years old. Her diary written while there told of her early ambitions. "I once thought I would like to be Queen Victoria's maid of honour; then I wanted to go and live in Cuba; next I made up my mind that I would be a mighty hunter of the prairies. But now I suppose I am to be a music teacher."

After a course in the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois, she taught in a little country school near Chicago, where she was instrumental in founding a Sunday School which grew into a Methodist Church.

Eleven years after leaving college she was chosen president of the new Evanston College for Women, "the first woman to whom that honourable title was accorded," she wrote later in her autobiography. But her pride was more for the honour done to her sex than for the distinction gained by herself. Here she

was not only a successful teacher, but a disciplinarian of note. Her society of "Self-governed Girls" is an example of an early successful experiment at solving the problem of college discipline.

In 1874, when she had become dean of women and professor of æsthetics at the Northwestern University, she was constrained to resign her twenty-four-hundred-dollar life position for conscientious reasons; she felt unable to agree to the adoption of certain lax rules for the government of young women. "It has been often said in my praise that I did this for the explicit purpose of enlisting in the temperance army," she afterwards wrote in her autobiography, "but it is my painful duty to admit that the reasons upon which I based this act, so revolutionary to all my cherished plans and purposes, related wholly to the local situation in the university itself."

The student of the life of this earnest woman should not fail to note one sequel to this resignation. She felt very bitterly to a number of those in authority at the university; her friends insisted that she was justified. But when she began to think of giving herself to temperance work, she could not be content till she had first gone to the president and begged his pardon for everything she had ever said and done that was not right. This she did, because of her interpretation of the text, "If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Two openings were soon offered her—and on the

same day. She was asked to become principal of a fashionable school for young women in New York City, at twenty-four hundred dollars a year; and also to become president of the Chicago Women's Christian Temperance Union, with no assurance of support. Her heart bade her take up the work for temperance reform. With no financial backing whatever she set about her work. Her mother dismissed her maid. Many a time the new president went without her noonday luncheon because she had no money to buy; and frequently she walked miles because she had no carfare. Soon, however, some provision was made for a salary.

In 1879 she became president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, until her death, February 17, 1898, being the acknowledged leader of the temperance women of the United States and the world.

XXVI

OUT OF DEGRADATION

THE story of how God led John B. Gough into the temperance work to which he gave his life is in marked contrast to the story of Frances E. Willard, but it shows God's directing hand just as unmistakably.

When John B. Gough, then a lad of fourteen, first saw New York City, he was alone. Father and mother were still in the old home in England. He was disheartened. But at this time of great need, he thought of a verse of Scripture which he had learned from his mother, "Trust in Jehovah, and do good; dwell in the land, and feed on His faithfulness." Comforted and strengthened, he went on his way and soon found work and friends.

A little later, he united with the church. At once he became known as an earnest Christian, and thus set a splendid example to those who leave the country for the city. It was not long, however, until in his effort to forget the death of his mother, who had followed him to America, he deserted the church, sought evil companions, began to drink, and finally became a homeless wanderer on the streets, out of work, almost in rags, without hope. How he needed to think of God, who had helped him many times in earlier years.

A drunkard at eighteen, his eyes were opened to the necessity of a change. He once more began to at-

tend church, and was well received. "But after a few weeks every aspiration after better things had ceased," he wrote, years later in his autobiography. Again God's Spirit strove with him, and led him to a temperance lecture, where he was personally asked to sign the pledge. He was about to do so, but determined to wait a few days, that he might live a little longer in sin.

For seven years he was a drunkard. Then, one cold October evening, he was once more walking the streets for lack of better shelter. But a stranger approached him, spoke of his condition, and urged him to take the pledge. Because the stranger believed him when he said he would attend a meeting the next evening, he resolved to be a man worthy of trust. The human touch had made him hopeful of better things.

The day after signing the pledge he told his employer of his action. But, instead of encouraging him, the man said he had no confidence in him. "I turned to my work broken-hearted, crushed in spirit, paralyzed in energy," Mr. Gough wrote. He felt that he might as well give up the fight. Just then a stranger came into the shop, greeted him warmly, and said: "I was very glad to see you sign the pledge last night. I have only a minute or two to spare, but I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-by; God bless you!" The words encouraged the struggling man to continue his fight with sin. But what if he had had no message but the discouraging word of his employer?

After the first few weeks of abstinence, Mr. Gough began to feel that he was safe. But it was only five

months till he was drinking once more. He sought his friends and told them of his failure. To his astonishment, they received him kindly, and encouraged him to make another effort. The second attempt was more successful than the first, for he had learned the lesson, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Thereafter he depended, not on himself, but on God, and conquered the appetite for strong drink. Then he gave his life to warning and encouraging others, in private, on the lecture platform, wherever he had opportunity.

In his autobiography, he wrote: "Life is a warfare, a conflict against the power of evil; it is unsatisfactory unless there has been work done in reference to another and higher state of existence; there is something to live for above the fleeting, selfish pleasure that so many spend all to obtain, and die miserably poor."

XXVII

MINISTERING TO FELLOW-CLERKS

MORE than sixty-five years ago George Williams, then sixteen years old, went from his home on an English farm to a neighbouring village, where he secured employment in the shop of the local draper, or dry goods dealer. He was one of more than twenty clerks, who, according to English custom, lived in the house with their employer. He was not a Christian at the beginning of his work, but was—to use his own words—"a careless, thoughtless, godless, swearing young fellow." Soon after the beginning of his work, however, he became a Christian, and was—from the first—dead in earnest in his work for his Master. Before his conversion his fellow-clerks were as indifferent as himself. But, before very long, many of them became Christians through the quiet, devoted life of the lad from the farm.

When he was nineteen he went to London to work in a large establishment, where more than one hundred clerks were employed. These were his companions in the evening as well as in the daytime; and uncongenial companions they were, too, for at the time of his arrival, "it was almost impossible for a young man in the house to be a Christian." But the quiet influence of George Williams was so effectively felt that within three years "it was almost impossible to be anything else."

The story of how this change was brought about,

as related by the biographer of Mr. Williams, is instructive and helpful. He won the liking of his fellow-clerks by his straightfoward manliness, and his readiness to help. "One of those who was with him in the early days says that he remembers distinctly how, when any one was behindhand and hard pressed with work, George Williams was always the first to assist, and gave his aid ungrudgingly and with the utmost cheerfulness. He was never too busy, too weary, to be of service, and if ever a man was in a scrape, it was to George Williams that he appealed." His "genuineness and righteousness so impressed themselves upon his companions that, in spite of his religion, and in spite of his success, every one wished him well."

But he was not content simply to influence the young man about him quietly and without apparent effort. He very soon decided that definite work was to be done. As he looked for an opportunity the prospect was not cheering. "I found no means of grace of any kind. My heart was very warm, and I asked myself 'What can I do for the young men?' There were five or six of us in a bedroom, and the conduct of my companions was altogether different from anything you can form an idea of."

Another Christian was found, and the two men started a bedroom prayer meeting, to plead with God for the conversion of their companions. At first it was necessary to persuade the other clerks to stay away, and not to interfere with them. Soon, however, they pleaded for a chance to attend the meetings. The room was crowded, and there were many conversions. The young clerk prayed at other times for the con-

version of men. It was his habit, in the privacy of his own room, to plead earnestly for individuals. His diary contains the names of many for whom prayer was thus offered. The list was continually growing. And he had definite answers to his prayers. "At the end of the year he entered the names of nine friends for whom he had made special supplication, all of whom had received Christ." On December 23, 1844, he mentioned a number of men for whom he was praying, and on the first of January of the following year six of these gave evidence of the work of grace. His own employer was of the number thus prayed for and converted.

Again his biographer writes of him: "His intense earnestness was an abiding memory to all who met him at this period, and while it was an inspiration and delight to those who shared his zeal, it was, I doubt not, a constant embarrassment to those who wished at all costs to avoid him. Going to bed at night was an undertaking calling for much careful scouting on the part of those who had attracted his attention, and they would carefully examine the passages leading to their bedrooms to make sure if the coast was clear, for their zealous comrade was often lying in ambush, and, given the opportunity, would not be denied. Strange to say, however, his importunity never offended. He had, as was often said, a way with him. It was impossible to resent his cheery, unaffected sincerity, his manly directness, his courageous simplicity. And all in the house respected him."

He was always tactful in his approaches. There was one man who seemed determined that this work

of Williams and his companions should cease. "When any young fellow gave his heart to Christ, he would pounce upon him and say, 'We will soon take all that nonsense out of you.'" He became the leader of a coterie which made known its determination to uproot the praying band. The Christians prayed earnestly for him. But the opposition only increased.

Finally Williams determined to try to reach the enemy at his weakest point. Learning that he was very fond of oysters, an invitation was sent him to an oyster supper given by a company of Christians. Surprised, he accepted. And he enjoyed himself. Strict instructions had been given that nothing should be said to him about his manner of life. "Their avowed enemy came to the conclusion that these young men were not so black as he had painted them." Feeling himself in honour bound, he attended a prayer meeting, and was, soon after, converted. And when the band of young men organized their prayer meeting into the first Young Men's Christian Association he became one of the charter members.

This was the beginning of the life-work of Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose own earnestness in winning men to Christ, impressed itself on the thousands of associations throughout the world

XXVIII

HOW GOD USED A FAILURE

EAGER and earnest, determined to make the most of himself, with high ideals, and a longing to be of use in the world, Phillips Brooks graduated from Harvard College in 1855, at the age of nineteen. His parents were satisfied that he would fill a large place in the world, and his college mates were sure he would be heard from when the battle with the world should begin.

A few months later, still before his twentieth birthday, he began to teach in the Boston Latin School. It was his purpose, as his biographer says, to remain a while there and gain experience, and then go abroad for study in order to fit himself for a professorship. At first everything looked promising. To a classmate he wrote: "Seriously, I like the life. Isn't there a sort of satisfaction and pleasure in knowing that you are doing, or at least that you have the chance of doing something? At Cambridge it was all very well, but we had only ourselves to work on. Here we have some twenty, thirty, or more on whom we can bring to bear the authority and influence of a superior position, and see what we can make out of them, and watch all their workings."

He enjoyed his work, and continued to dream of success, until the beginning of the winter, when he found he was not able to control the lively boys under his charge. In a letter written in January, he said:

"In all my experience of schoolboys and schoolmasters, I cannot recall a single teacher who was honoured with such an overwhelming share of deep, steady, honest unpopularity as is at this moment the lot of your harmless and inoffensive friend. I believe they consider me just now as a sort of dragon with his claws cut, a gigantic ogre who would like to eat them. I am teaching them French which they don't, Greek which they won't, and Virgil which they can't understand or appreciate."

A month later he resigned his position, and the explanation is thus given by his father in his journal: "It was entirely for the want of discipline. He was not enough of a disciplinarian to maintain the necessary good order, and he was put at the head of a class of thirty-five boys who were rowdy and unruly, and had already had two masters who had left them. . . . The task was too much for him, and he is now looking for work." The headmaster of the school, when spoken to about his successor, very ungraciously said that any change, no matter what, could hardly fail to be for the better.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, a friend of the young teacher, says that he was "humiliated, discouraged, utterly broken down, indeed, by his complete failure at the threshold of life, not seeing well or at all in what direction to turn or to apply his hand." He sought advice as to means by which he could earn a living, feeling, perhaps, just at first, that there was no chance for him. "It was then," says Alexander V. G. Allen, "a catastrophe complete, final, and humiliating. To have sought for another similar

position under the circumstances was hopeless. The headmaster had offered consolation to Brooks after his discomfiture, in the remark that he had never known any one who had failed as schoolmaster to succeed at any other calling. It was an event calling for comment among a large circle of acquaintances, who had expected great things. Nothing was wanting to make the sense of mortification complete."

For a time he felt like hiding himself. When Doctor Vinton, an old friend, asked him to call, his father replied that Phillips would not then see any one, because of the feeling of mortification at his failure. He thought gloomily of his classmates, and made a list of their names, marking down in connection with them a statement of the work they were doing. He began to think of studying for the ministry, and consulted the president of Harvard, who was not very enthusiastic about the new plan.

"We can hardly exaggerate the trial he was passing through," says his biographer. "He was still hanging about the place of the gay assemblage when the guests were gone and the lights were out. He had made his first essay at real life, and had been defeated. He had been shut out from his Eden by a stern decree; a flaming sword had confronted him which turned every way to keep him from his chosen vocation. In his despair he had resolved to give up his ambition for himself, to be content with the humblest and lowest place at the feast. He was much impressed with a book which had then just appeared, Souvestre's 'Attic Philosopher,' the story of a man, who, in the midst of the fever, the restlessness, the

ambition which racks society in our time, continues to fill his humble part in the world without a murmur, and who preserves, so to speak, the taste for poverty. With no other fortune than a small clerkship, which enables him to live within the narrow limits separating competence from want, our philosopher looks from the heights of his attic upon society as upon a sea, of which he neither covets the riches nor fears the wrecks. Too insignificant to excite the envy of any one, he sleeps peacefully, wrapped in his obscurity."

From this unwholesome lethargy Phillips roused himself. He had no one to whom he could tell his thoughts, so he began to write them out. In the pages written at this period there is evidence of a slow development. Little by little he put off his stupor. Once more ambition, purpose to be and to do, took hold of him. Six months after his resignation he entered the theological seminary.

During his course in preparation for the ministry the demon of self-mistrust, of fear lest he who had failed so signally in one profession might fail also in another, at times took possession of him. But he squared his shoulders, threw it off, and faced the world. His character developed rapidly. At the end of his course he took charge of a struggling church in Philadelphia. When the invitation was given he was so distrustful of himself that he would not agree to begin the work except on three months' trial. Perhaps before that time the church would be glad to be rid of him, or he would see for himself that he had made a second mistake.

But his friends soon realized that his face was now

turned in the right direction. Crowds flocked to hear him. The hearts of men were stirred. Before many months a number of churches were clamouring for his services. For a time he turned a deaf ear to their calls, preferring to labour in obscurity. But at length he was compelled to listen to the importunate pleas of a larger congregation, and another step was taken in the development of the life that meant so much to America. Within a few years he was the great Bishop, whose name was known in all the English-speaking world.

What a blessing it was that Phillips Brooks was not permitted to be successful in the Latin School! If he had been able to manage the boys in his class, the brilliant, soul-winning, character-building minister might have been lost to the world. But the failure, spurring him on to new effort, was the training needed to turn that strong-willed man to the road where God wanted him to travel.

XXIX

WHY HE BELIEVED IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE

"DO I believe in God's providence?" The question was repeated by Frank Ringsmuth, a striking-looking Bohemian who was doing valiant work for his Master among his countrymen in St. Louis. "May I answer you by telling you my story?"

He began by speaking of his student days in Prague, Bohemia, when he was a member of a convent choir. After leaving school he spent seven years as a petty officer in the Austrian navy. During these years he wrote various articles of travel for a Bohemian paper in New York City. These attracted attention, and the result was his invitation to take a place on the editorial staff. He found that most of the Bohemians among whom he was thrown in New York were infidels, given to drinking, dancing, and worldly living. He was himself dragged into infidelity. For more than twenty years he did not attend a church service.

After three years he became editor of a Bohemian magazine in Omaha, Nebraska, which, as Mr. Ringsmuth said, "was soaked in infidelity." Some time later he became editor and publisher of a Bohemian political sheet at Schuyler, Nebraska. This paper circulated in all parts of the country, and its editor became a man of prominence among his people.

Then came the first step in his conversion, the first of the great providences of which he tells. To use his own words: "I used to write an article every week. In 1891 I forgot to write until reminded by my assistant that it was time for the copy to go to the compositors. I wondered what to say. It was Christmas week, and I asked myself what was the meaning of the holiday season. Against my will I resolved to say something of the birth of Christ. I did not know what I was writing. There was a power which drove me on. I wrote of His birth in poverty, and of His life of suffering. You see I knew these things from my early training. I spoke of His horrible death. The central point of the article was the argument that those who are blaspheming Christ now are of the same character as those who crucified Him—the most miserable creatures of earth.

"I remember that I went on to say: 'I am a freethinker, a man of no dogma, relying upon reason and heart only. But from the depth of this heart I bow before the Saviour of men, and with all the power of my reason, I tremble in wonder and am amazed before the life of Christ. . . . The mob which crucified Christ is, to an extent, excusable; they did not know what they were doing; they were in the hands of their deceivers. But whose instruments are our freethinkers, who despise the memory of the Saviour and curse Him? . . . Do not take these words for a religious ecstasy. I know too well what I am writing about. Hundreds of our countrymen are infidels. I cannot characterize their infidelity, except as I say it is a base insult toward everything that is sacred to other peo-

ple. Such insult is blasphemy—I do not like to say against God, but against the feelings of men.' As I wrote," continued Mr. Ringsmuth, "my tears flowed like a flood. My assistants looked on and wondered.

"It had always been my custom to read over my articles before giving them to the printer. On this occasion I gave the paper to my assistant at once, and hurried from the room without a word. I was ashamed of my tears. When I returned in the afternoon the proof was handed me. 'You don't intend to put this in the paper, do you?' was the assistant's query. I answered that I did intend to do so, and added, 'What I write goes in.' When I read the proof I was astonished. For the first time I realized what I had written. I thought it was impossible to print the article. I would lose subscriptions. It was just at the time for renewals. But I was ashamed to go back on my words to the assistant. So the article was printed.

"Within twenty-four hours of the paper's issue there were three hundred and sixty-five stops. Some of my best friends said they felt greatly insulted, and at least thirty Bohemian newspapers attacked me. But there was a note of appreciation. From the few Protestant Bohemian communities subscriptions began to pour in. Soon I had gained twice as many as I had lost. I had been whipped and also healed.

"My experience in writing that article was only a flash of light. So far as I knew, I was still an infidel. From that time I tried to put infidelity in concrete form, but found there was nothing concrete in it; it was all negation. I had never thought of that before.

So I started to study, hoping to substantiate the truth of infidelity. I studied Buddhism, and read philosophy in several languages. I was a student of Schopenhauer, of Kant, of Darwin. I was a theosophist for three years. I studied Christian Science, but was not fully satisfied with it. The thirst for truth led me to investigate Spiritualism, but I soon found there was nothing in it. For eight years this search for truth continued. As I groped, the paper reflected the stages of my thought. I did not realize the unsatisfactory, changing state of my articles. Subscribers made complaint to me.

"All these years I had neglected the Bible. It never occurred to me to go to its pages for light. Finally I found Nikola Letovitch's 'Unknown Life of Jesus,' a worthless work, which professes to tell of Christ's life between the ages of twelve and thirty. I translated the whole of it for my paper, printing it in serial form. For the first time I used the name 'Jesus'—I had always said Christ before. I had tried to write 'Jesus,' but some power always held me back.

"I had made many enemies by my course. Some of them determined to take the paper from me. I had removed the publication office to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and incurred a mortgage of five hundred dollars. This sum being overdue, the office was closed by the sheriff. An infidel editor from Chicago was in town, ready to take hold when I should be dispossessed. I appealed to my subscribers by circular, and three times the amount necessary to pay the debt was sent in advance subscriptions. So I was saved. I

think the Lord provided that my paper should stay a little longer to be used for the glory of Jesus.

"By this time I had dropped the theatre and beer-drinking, and was preaching morality in the paper. I was almost ready to receive the gospel, though I was not aware of the fact. But first I was to go through a bitter experience. In May, 1899, a Cedar Rapids saloon-keeper committed suicide, after murdering his babe. I was discussing the case with a friend, a physician, when it was remarked that this was not the first suicide among the members of the Bohemian fraternal orders of the city, all of which were infidel bodies. The doctor proposed to visit, secretly, the headquarters of these orders in Chicago and Cleveland. He found that in one of these organizations the suicides had been ten per cent of the deaths; in another, twenty per cent; in a third, thirty-three per cent. Then he made a similar investigation of German and American orders, and found that in these the largest per cent of suicides to total deaths was only four. The conclusion was irresistible; infidelity was the cause of the suicides.

"Twelve of us Bohemians (three being ministers) formed a brotherhood to discuss this state of affairs. We raised money and circulated a pamphlet containing the facts. Ten thousand copies were sent out among the Bohemians of the country. The Chicago *Tribune,* after thorough investigation, published the figures, at the same time giving a signed interview with the editor of a Bohemian daily in Chicago, in which he said: 'Infidelity is the coming religion. We have thrown away the yoke of the Church and the

superstitions of religion.' Other papers followed. The religious press took it up.

"Bohemian editors in Chicago and elsewhere saw their opportunity. They denied the truth of the tables, and made me responsible. Indignation meetings were held in many cities of the West. I was branded as a traitor. My paper was boycotted. Subscribers stopped. Pressure was brought to bear on advertisers, and the columns were all but empty. I was expelled from all Bohemian orders. Friends passed me by without a look. November 5, 1899, at a special meeting of the Sokol, a gymnastic society where the young men are trained to an infidel life, I was attacked and spit upon. It was determined to expel me from the local and national societies. I went home very despondent. I knew I could only look for a baptism of fire wherever I went—even in my own home. I believe I would have committed suicide but for the fact of the crusade. In such a state of mind I went to bed. Waking after midnight I looked out at the stars. Then the window grew dark and the room was full of a mysterious light. I saw a figure there—the figure of a Jew. The eyes were kindly and smiling. I looked into them—and suddenly peace filled my soul. Somehow I knew it was Paul. Then the vision was gone and I fell asleep like a little child.

"When I woke, I knew I had not dreamed. Yet I did not believe in visions. What was it? Whatever it was, I was happy. I didn't care if there was opposition. Only one thing puzzled me. I had always thought of Paul as a Roman. And I had recognized a Jew as Paul. My doctor friend told me my

mistake. A Testament was given me. I sat down at once and started to read Romans. That day I read all of Paul's epistles. As I read there came to me an understanding of the events of eight years. I knew I was saved through Jesus. On Sunday I went to church. From that day my paper stood for Christ. My last infidel subscriber left me. Christians came, however, and I prospered, until, noting the unfaithful life of many Bohemian Christians, their Sabbath-breaking, frequenting of saloons and other irregularities, I spoke of these things editorially. This aroused indignation. After a three years' struggle the paper went down.

"But the Lord had other work for me. I began travelling for a school apparatus firm. I joined the Gideons and spoke for Christ. I talked for Him in most every school I visited. Later I spent a year as colporteur for the Chicago Tract Society. During this time I visited the homes of my bitterest enemies. Often I was put out. Sometimes I was received on my return. A third call made some of them purchasers. I longed to become an evangelist to the Bohemians. A few weeks ago the opportunity came. Now I am visiting the homes and speaking in the churches in a section of the city where, a few years ago, I was lecturing to infidel people.

"Yes," he concluded, "I do believe in God's providential dealings. Do you not think I have a right to do so?"

XXX

WHEN MONEY WAS LOST

IN all probability the man who was for years the pastor of one of the best known and most useful churches in America would never have been anything more than an obscure business man but for a number of experiences that would try the faith of most earnest Christians.

Close attention to business had enabled him to put aside twenty-five thousand dollars, when everything was swept away, and he was compelled to go to Boston and begin anew. His wife earned by sewing the money to follow him.

In Boston he worked as reporter at five dollars a week. His family lived in several poor little rooms, where a store-box was their only table and a straw heap on the floor was the refuge at night. The Christian faith of husband and wife enabled them to bear their poverty with fortitude. This extreme poverty did not last long, for the young reporter soon proved himself such a good workman that he was advanced to thirty-five dollars a week. A little later he was sent by his newspaper on a tour around the world.

He was returning from his fifth journey to Europe when the water-soaked steamship on which he was a passenger, after drifting for twenty-six days, was thought to be sinking. The captain was alarmed, men were beside themselves for fear, and women were hysterical, until he began to walk back and forth

along the deck, singing, "Nearer, my God to Thee."

As traveller, lecturer, lawyer, and author, the years were spent till 1880. In 1873 his savings of nearly fifty thousand dollars were swept away, but again his faith in God proved an anchor that held. Earnestly he went to work once more, lecturing, writing, and serving God wherever he was, whether in the local church of which he was a member, or out in the world field. He was making money rapidly, frequently receiving several hundred dollars for a lecture.

His income from his practice was large. It might have been larger but for the fact that he kept this advertisement in the Boston papers:

"Legal advice for the poor. Any deserving poor person wanting legal advice or assistance will be given the same free of charge any evening except Sabbath at 10 Rialto Building, Devonshire Street. None of these cases will be taken into courts for pay."

But success in his profession and as a secular orator could not satisfy the earnest lawyer. As a boy he had felt a conviction that he should become a minister. Long time he fought the conviction, but there came a day when he gave up to it.

As a lawyer he was asked to give advice to a discouraged church, which was about to lose its house of worship. After listening to the case as outlined, the lawyer urged the people to go to work, save their property, and hold regular service. When he was told that they could not pay a preacher, he volunteered to give his own services till they could do better. He succeeded in building up the church, and later was ordained a minister. Then he gave up his large prac-

tice to settle down as a pastor of the little church at six hundred dollars a year.

But he was too much a man of affairs to remain long in a small town. His business ability was needed in a larger field. A visitor from a neighbouring city heard him preach, and recommended him to a church as pastor. The recommendation led to a call. In 1882 he took charge of a burdened city church with a small membership and a large debt. In twenty-seven eventful years the church became the largest church of its denomination in the world.

In connection with the church he built up a school which opens to the poor the doors to a richer intellectual life, or an influential professional life. The beginning was made when two young men, members of the church, told their pastor that they wished to become ministers, but had no money to pay for their education. The busy pastor began to teach them. Within a week forty others were being taught, and other teachers were engaged. Within four years nearly six hundred students were enrolled. In five years more, two thousand students were in attendance, and a great building became a necessity. Soon the enrollment was more than twice as large, and the new quarters were overcrowded.

But before the man whom God wanted to do this great work was willing to turn aside from money-making pursuits, to the path of God's choosing, grievous disappointment twice came to him. Then he heard God's call. To-day he praises God for the providential dealings that once seemed so hard to bear.

SEVEN

INCIDENTS FROM MISSION LANDS

XXXI

A RESCUED TREASURE

MISS SUE McBETH, long a missionary among the Indians at Lapwai, Idaho, gave the labour of many years to the preparation of a dictionary and grammar in the dialect of the Nez Percés Indians. When she died, in 1893, she left directions that these should be sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The manuscripts were packed in a box and delivered to the express company, which planned to carry it by river steamer, then by rail. The steamer was wrecked, and the box disappeared. Anxious enquiries were made for it, but there seemed no hope of recovering the precious documents.

A farmer who lived some miles below the spot where the steamer was lost—the only farmer on the river from the source to the mouth—was attracted by many floating boxes and bales. Among these he saw a red box. He had allowed other things to float past, but for some reason he felt that the box must be rescued. He plunged into the river on horseback, as he went making a noose in the rope attached to the saddle. With this he succeeded in lassoing the box just as it was entering some rapids where it would have been dashed to pieces. He pulled it ashore, opened it, recognized the Nez Percés characters which he had learned from Miss McBeth, and decided that the manuscript must belong to the mission. In order

that he might restore it in as good condition as possible, he separated the pages and spread them out to dry. Then the pages were put in order once more, and the box was sent on its way.

How did that one resident on the river come to be present when the red box floated by? What moved him to plunge in after this box when other wreckage had been permitted to float by?

There are those who say this was all due to chance. But if it was chance, let the fact be emphasized that

"Eternal God that chance did guide."

XXXII

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME

IN 1856 Christopher R. Robert, a traveller from New York City, paused for a time at Constantinople, to talk with missionaries in whose work he was interested. Learning from them that a Christian educational institution was sorely needed on the Bosphorus, he determined that the school must be built. To Dr. Cyrus Hamlin he told his purpose to give to the building fund, at the same time asking Dr. Hamlin to visit America and conduct a campaign for subscriptions from others interested in missionary education.

There were many hindrances. The American Civil War interfered with the campaign for funds. Finally Mr. Robert advised Dr. Hamlin to go ahead with funds which he himself would supply. With great difficulty a site was selected, and all seemed ready for the auspicious beginning of the new undertaking. Unexpectedly, the Turkish government gave orders that the college should not be built on the site chosen. Disappointed but not disheartened, the promoters fixed on another site. The sultan consented to its use. Soon it appeared that the autocratic commands of the government which had seemed so trying were a blessing in disguise, for the new site was most admirably adapted to the institution's needs.

But before the dream of Mr. Robert and Dr. Hamlin and his associates could be carried out there were

other complications. The story of these was told thus by Henry Clay Trumbull in "Old-Time Student Volunteers":

"The opposition of the Jesuits and of the Russian officials succeeded in delaying the Sultan's permission to build on the new and beautiful site promised for the permanent building. When the difficulties seemed to be greatest, Admiral Farragut, with his formidable war vessels, appeared in the vicinity of Constantinople. When he learned of the existing state of affairs, he expressed regret that Dr. Hamlin was being treated so unjustly, but he said that he had no diplomatic powers, and could not interfere. At this, Dr. Scropiana, who was present, said:

"'You have only to ask the great pashas, when you dine with them, why this American college cannot be built,—that is all. To-night you are to dine with his highness, Ali Pasha, the grand vizier; and when you dine with the Capudan Pasha, ask him, and with the Seraskier Pasha, and so on.'

"The admiral was ready to do this, and he did it, although he had no idea of how it would be looked at in the Sublime Porte. In a brief time a note came to the Hon. E. Joy Morris, the American minister, from his highness the Grand Vizier, saying:

"'Tell Mr. Hamlin he may begin the building of his college when he pleases. No one will interfere with him. And in a few days an imperial *irade* will be given him,' etc.

"And the imperial *irade*—an irrevocable decree—was forthcoming.

"Was not the hand of God in all this?"

For more than a generation Robert College has stood on its commanding site above the Bosphorus, and its graduates and other students have gone to all parts of the Turkish Empire, carrying with them modern ideas and the knowledge of Christian teachings. The influence of the school through these years cannot be estimated.

XXXIII

A MISTAKE THAT SAVED LIFE

A RESIDENT in Syria, while visiting in America, related to the author the story of stirring events of which he had been a witness. He spoke of them as providences. Let his narrative speak for itself:

"A new governor was appointed over Beirut. He secured his place by bribing two men who have the ear of the Sultan. One of these is the most bitter opponent of Christianity and the worst hater of America in the empire. The other is a Moslem sheik who claims to be inspired. He stands by the hour before his master mumbling the name of God, and so, according to the teachings of his religion, is a very holy man. The prime minister and his assistants are at the Porte, some distance away, and the work they do is frequently undone by these fanatic counsellors at the palace.

"The new governor at once began robbing Beirut to raise money to pay his patrons. A carnival of crime began, and the peaceful city was transformed. Theft and robbery were an everyday occurrence. The police, acting under instructions, made no opposition. But, after the dark deeds were committed—still acting under instructions—they proceeded to arrest a score or more men for each offence. Those arrested were always well-to-do, and were speedily informed that they would be released for a consideration. Smuggling was encouraged. The smugglers were fre-

quently captured and their ships turned over to the governor's son, who disposed of the goods for his own profit. Once he landed within sight of the college, and the police helped him carry his cargo to a safe place.

"The consuls petitioned for the governor's removal, and failed. Thereupon the governor stirred up the forty thousand Moslems of the city against the eighty thousand Christians, and there was trouble. In August it became evident that the pasha was fomenting mischief. The American vice-consul was shot at—the third attempt made on his life. It was reported that he had been killed, although the despatch sent from Beirut did not so state. Admiral Cotton was by the President ordered to proceed to Beirut. He made the quickest passage on record, burning a thousand tons of coal more than usual for the distance covered. He sought to replenish his bunkers at the city yards, but the price was run up from six to twenty dollars a ton, and short measure given. He cabled Washington for relief. A transport on the way to the Philippines was just then at Port Said. It was ordered to Beirut; the Admiral's needs were supplied; and the Turks were astonished. 'What a country America is!' they said; 'they rain coal out of the skies.' American prestige was high just then—but it was higher a little later.

"It was Friday morning when the admiral cast anchor before the city. The vice-consul was found to be uninjured, but the city was in confusion. Saturday evening there was a massacre of native Christians. The police looked on while houses were entered and

looted and hundreds were mutilated. Orders had been given that no Americans were to be disturbed. One ruffian broke open the door of a missionary, and rushed up the stairs, but was pulled back by a comrade, who said, 'We are to let the Americans alone.' The governor, who had fled to the mountains, had given the command before he left, hoping that Admiral Cotton would be led to land marines to quell the disturbance, when no harm had been done American interests. Thus he hoped to involve the United States in a blunder, and so deliver Turkey from the necessity of yielding to our demands for educational concessions.

"But Admiral Cotton was not to be caught. When word was brought of the massacre, he sent several officers to investigate. These found the British consul-general, who sent this ringing message to those in charge of the city: 'If another murder is committed here, I shall ask Admiral Cotton to land five hundred marines and take possession of the city in the name of the King of England.' There was not another murder. The missionaries say the presence of the fleet saved thousands of lives. The names of Admiral Cotton and President Roosevelt are on everybody's lips, and the warmest praise is given them. It was certainly a remarkable providence that the unexplainable mistake occurred in the transmission of the message which reported the attempt on the vice-consul's life."

XXXIV

A PROBLEM SOLVED

ONE of the obstacles encountered by early missionaries in Turkey was the open disregard for the Christian Sabbath by many of those who called themselves Christians. Because the Jews of Constantinople were faithful to the Mosaic Sabbath, no one expected them to violate it, and the Turkish government never required them to do so. It paid little regard, however, to the Christian Sabbath, because of the knowledge that so many Christians will sacrifice their sacred day to their worldly interests.

When Cyrus Hamlin, the founder of Robert College, began work in Constantinople, he was troubled by these things, but he was at a loss to know how to make the authorities understand that the Sabbath is a sacred day to the Christians. He gave his attention to other problems—and it was in finding the solution to one of these problems that God showed the way to solve the other.

Not long after Mr. Hamlin began his missionary work, seeing the necessity of providing employment for the persecuted Armenian Christians among whom he was teaching, he established the first steam mill in the city, and built two bake ovens in which he used the flour ground under his direction. Just as he had the new business well established, in 1853, he was urged to supply large quantities of bread to the English military hospital at Scutari, during the Turkish war

with Russia. After all preliminaries had been arranged, he was about to sign a large contract. Here is the rest of the incident, in Dr. Hamlin's own words:

"When I looked over the printed form of the contract which I was to fill out and sign, I told the general that the sentence 'to deliver every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such hours as might be agreed upon,' etc., must have the interpolation, 'except Sabbath' after the word morning. The bread could be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset.

"'The laws of war do not regard Sabbath,' he replied. 'I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract.'

"'Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business. Your chief physician, Dr. Mapleton, sent for me, and requested me to supply this bread.'

"He bit his lips in doubt, but said: 'The chief purveyor, Mr. Ward, is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that.'

"So I signed, with a protest against that article, and went to Mr. Ward. He had no objection whatever to the Saturday delivery. He aimed to keep fresh bread twenty-four hours before delivering, and this would be the best thing possible.

"So the furnishing began. I think it was two hundred and fifty one-pound loaves a day. It gradually increased to six thousand pounds a day for that hospital alone. It gave such satisfaction that, at the end of three months, when the contracts must all be subjected to a new competition, the bread was accepted by express order of Lord Raglan."

Later, the same General Smith who had objected to the Saturday night delivery, urged him to build new ovens that he might supply the camp at Hydar Pasha with from eight to twenty thousand pounds daily. The ovens were built, and the general was informed that the bread was ready for delivery.

"I made the same protest against delivering bread Sabbath morning, and he quietly said I must settle that with the provost of the camp.

"The provost of the camp did not impress me favourably. He did not have the bearing of a gentleman. I anticipated trouble about the double delivery on Saturday. Towards sunset, I just preceded the train of carts for the Sabbath supply. I saluted the provost, and said:

"'On Saturdays I deliver the supply of bread for Sabbath; as at the hospital, so at the camp.'

"He was evidently prepared for it, and blustered out, full of passion:

"'You will take every —— loaf right back, and bring the bread in the morning!'

"He evidently thought to frighten me by his loud blasphemy and his threat to pitch every loaf into the Marmora (the soldiers sometimes flung their bad bread from the cliff into the sea). I simply replied:

"'I leave you the bread—eight thousand loaves—and you can do what you please with it.'

"The next Saturday I sent a man with the carts who knew no English. He thought the provost swore some, but he could not understand him. The bread was taken, and receipts given. I fancy he had received some advice from the Commissary-General Smith or

Potgeiter. Both were gentlemen of integrity and honour, and all my relations with them were very pleasant.

"The Friday before the third Saturday of the bread delivery, the requisition giving the number in camp had a bottom note:

"'Remember the double delivery Saturday.'

"It was from the same profane provost of the camp, and he kept that up until the war closed, and the last soldier embarked for England."

The story of the missionary's scrupulous observance of the Sabbath was talked about throughout the city. Thus Dr. Hamlin made the desired impression on the Turks, as well as on the English.

XXXV

HOW CHERISHED HOPES WERE FULFILLED

IN 1853 a young Englishman named William Duncan offered himself to the Church Missionary Society of England for work among the Indians of the north Pacific coast of America. He was called a fool for thinking of going to such a place; some people told him he would throw his life away. But he persisted in his purpose, and soon was in the midst of activities that continued for more than half a century. He succeeded in building a school in which many of the Indians were taught things that made them eager for the white man's civilization.

Before long a new village, Metlakahtla, was built by the labour of the people. Progress was marvellous. A church was built. The Sabbath was scrupulously observed, even in the short fishing season when every hour was valuable. Roads were built and other public improvements were made from the proceeds of the village tax of one blanket—two dollars and fifty cents for every adult male—and one shirt, or one dollar for every boy approaching manhood. A blacksmith shop was opened, a carpenter shop, and a soap factory. A water-power sawmill was built, as well as a brick-kiln, which made all the bricks needed at home, in addition to some for sale to other tribes. Later a rope-walk was constructed, a clog shop, a

cooper's shop, and a sash and door factory. A church with accommodations for twelve hundred people was built. Eighty-seven two-story houses were erected, and a schoolhouse seating eight hundred.

Then came a bitter disappointment. In 1881, after thirty-five thousand dollars had been expended on public improvements in Metlakahtla (only six thousand of this sum having come from outside friends), the Church Missionary Society—owing to a misunderstanding—requested Mr. Duncan to resign his mission to the care of a bishop sent out from England, and to return home. Mr. Duncan felt very keenly the folly of teaching his simple natives the ritual of the church, with all its observances; he felt that they had not been well enough established in their new life for this. But the Society insisted that the mission should be brought more closely under church supervision. On top of this decision came the order from the government declaring that the Indians at Metlakahtla were to have only certain reservation lands. Much of the property for which they had laboured so hard was not to belong to them.

When no other course seemed open, Mr. Duncan began to think of a second pilgrimage. His eyes turned longingly to an island to the north, belonging to Alaska. Going to the United States, he told many influential men of his hope. Among other, Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher promised to help him. President Cleveland and his cabinet advised him to take his Indians to the Alaskan island, assuring him that Congress would later grant the land they chose. In 1891 Congress set apart the Annette Islands

as a reservation for the use of the Metlakahtla Indians, and other natives who might join them.

On August 7, 1887, "Pioneer Day," the advance guard of Duncan's Indians landed at their new island home. After building a few rough cabins, they returned for their families and their movable possessions. Within a few weeks eight hundred and twenty-three of the nine hundred and forty-eight people in Metlakahtla moved to New Metlakahtla. Of these only two or three families returned, appalled by the severe hardships they must encounter.

Within a few years after the occupation of the new village one hundred and thirty permanent homes were built, most of them attractive houses which would do credit to any American village. Three sawmills were constructed, the first two having been destroyed by fire, with losses of twelve thousand and nine thousand dollars. A village store was opened, which carried a stock worth twenty thousand dollars. In rapid succession were built a townhall, a large public school, and a salmon cannery which, in twenty-four years, sent out twelve million cans of fish. The cannery and other industries were financed by a twenty-five thousand-dollar corporation, half of the stock being taken at home, while friends subscribed the remainder. In 1905 the corporation was dissolved, the native stockholders being paid fifteen per cent as well as the principal of their investment, while other investors were awarded seven per cent and the principal.

In 1893 "Mr. Duncan's Westminster Abbey" was begun; on Christmas Day, 1896, it was dedicated. The building "is one hundred feet long, has a seventy-

foot span, is forty-three feet to the ceiling, and the tops of the spires on the towers are eighty feet above the ground." There is a pipe-organ, and up-to-date fixtures for the use of acetylene gas. Everything but the organ was the product of native labour. The cost was ten thousand dollars, two thousand five hundred dollars being contributed by the natives, four thousand five hundred dollars by Mr. Duncan, the remainder by friends.

The main street of the village is paved with planking; there is a jail, which is never occupied, and a public library, the largest in Alaska, containing two thousand and seventy-seven volumes.

So "the man who threw himself away" had his reward. God had turned his sorrow because of threatened disaster to gratitude for larger and greater blessings than he had dreamed of.

EIGHT

DEVELOPING MISSIONARY HELPERS

XXXVI

THE COUNT WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY

"GALLITZIN!" the brakeman shouts, as the train emerges from the tunnel at the summit of the Allegheny Mountains. Some of the passengers who have passed that way before give no heed; others look eagerly from the windows and wonder at the strange name of the station. It was evidently named for some man. But who was he? Indian? Explorer? Soldier?

Gallitzin was neither Indian nor soldier. He was something of an explorer—but only as his duties led him into the mountain fastnesses of an unknown section of the country. He was a humble missionary, whose life in the Pennsylvania wilderness was a marvel of self-sacrificing endurance. Yet his name is all but forgotten, and the few stories of his life which have been written are difficult of access. When they are asked for at the library, the inquirer is usually informed that they are out of print.

This Pennsylvania missionary of a century ago was born a prince. His father, the head of a rich and noble Russian house, once ambassador to France and to Holland, owned landed estates, near Warsaw, which were larger than the state of Pennsylvania. His mother was the daughter of one of the field marshals of Frederick the Great.

The father was an infidel, while the mother, dur-

ing the earlier years of her life was "scarcely better," as one writer says. The training of the young prince can be imagined. However, in 1787, when he was seventeen, "he accidentally picked up in a bookstore a copy of the Bible, which he purchased, and great was his satisfaction in the secret perusal of a volume so rich and wonderful." The reading led to his conversion.

When twenty-two years old he was preparing to go to Vienna, where he was to put on the uniform of a colonel in the Austrian army. This was to be the first stage in a splendid military career which his father had mapped out for him. But political considerations made it impossible for him to go as planned. So it was thought best to devote the next few years to foreign travel, without which no gentleman's son was considered educated. He was, therefore, sent to America.

The voyage was made in the company of a young German divine. His example and his consecration fired the zeal of the young prince, and he determined to turn his back on the world and its allurements and give himself to the service of Christ.

The first step in his new life was to seek admission to a theological seminary at Baltimore. After his ordination, in 1795, he was sent as a travelling missionary to Conewago, Pennsylvania, and to "different towns and stations in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania." In 1799, determining to centralize his work, he chose a location on the western slope of the mountains, where he built a log church. From the home field he made hundreds of journeys to min-

ister to scattered settlers, when "the bare floor was frequently his bed, the saddle his pillow, and the coarsest fare his food."

At Loretto he determined to found a colony. He planned to purchase lands at his own expense, sell them in small farm lots at a nominal price, or give them away. "He erected grist-mills, saw-mills, and other facilities for subsistence, in a region whose settlers had been wont to travel thirty or forty miles to grind their breadstuffs and procure the necessaries of life." Thus he became responsible for a large sum of money.

The devoted missionary was in the midst of his work when his father died, and he was summoned to return to Russia and claim the estates. He would have been glad to do this, but no one could be secured to take his place, even temporarily, and he felt that he could not leave alone the colonists whom he had invited into the wilderness. Accordingly "he wrote to his mother that whatever he might gain by the voyage from a temporal point of view could not, in his estimation, be compared with the loss of a single soul, that might be occasioned by his absence." He therefore asked that agents might be appointed to look after his interests, and secure any portion of the estate they could.

The courts, however, declared that the absence of the prince in America, and his religious faith, disqualified him for inheritance, and the estate was given to his sister. The sister promised to make the matter right by a will in his favour. At her death, some years later, a fraudulent document was substituted,

and he was given nothing. Although his case could easily have been won, he refused to make a contest, "saying that an investigation must injure some one, and he would suffer wrong and hardship, but would inflict none."

Depending upon the sale of goods left him by his mother, he continued his work, spending about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and all for the benefit of others. "No portion of this was spent for his own pleasure or comfort, as his personal habits were peculiarly plain and simple. His food generally consisted of coarse bread and garden vegetables, his clothing was of the plainest and simplest homespun, and his house was a rude log cabin, whose door was always hospitably open to the poor and the stranger. To complete his self-abnegation he dropped the noble name of De Gallitzin, and passed among his people as plain Mr. Smith, a name assumed as a safe disguise to shield him from the enquiries which even in that remote corner of the earth pursued the princely missionary."

The dishonesty of relatives at home kept from him some funds on which he had counted, and he became financially embarrassed. A friend of his boyhood—at this time the King of Holland—learned of his need and sent him a considerable gift, insisting on its acceptance. The Russian minister at Washington sent him five thousand dollars. With such assistance, and by reason of strict self-denial, he was able to keep his head above water.

But nobles and kings were not the only men who helped him. It is related that "when the labourers on

the Pennsylvania canal, then building, learned that his house was to be sold by the sheriff, they raised the money and paid the debt."

In 1837, when a friend urged him to return to Europe and make another fight for his patrimony, he answered: "Being in my sixty-seventh year, burdened moreover with the remnant of my debts, I had better spend my few remaining years, if any, in trying to pay off that balance, and in preparing for a longer journey." He died three years later, after forty-five years of self-sacrificing toil for his fellowmen.

XXXVII

OUT OF SLAVERY

IN the year 1821 a peaceful African town was attacked by the army of a hostile tribe. Defence was attempted, but finally all the inhabitants were killed or captured. Among those captured were a woman and her four children, the eldest a boy of twelve, named Adjai. Tied together with ropes, they were driven to a neighbouring town, where Adjai, with one sister, was parted from his mother and sold to a chief.

The boy was soon after exchanged for a horse and taken by his new owner to a slave market, where he met his mother. Soon, however, he was separated from her once more. He was then taken to the Portuguese slave-traders and, with one hundred and eighty others, put in a ship which sailed for the plantations of the West. Fortunately an English man-of-war discovered and captured the slave ship, and the unfortunate captives were freed from their fearful prison in the hold.

Adjai was landed at Bathurst, where he was cared for at a mission school of the Church of England. From the first he made rapid progress in his studies. Soon he learned of Christ and gave his heart to Him. He was baptized December 11, 1825, and took the name Samuel Adjai Crowther. In 1826 he was taken to England. There, for a few months, he attended the parish school of Islington, London.

In 1827 he became the first student of the new

Fourah Bay College. Two years later he was appointed a teacher in the same school. In 1830, on going to Regent's Town to take charge of a school, he took for assistant his wife Susannah, who had been rescued with him from the slave ship.

The young teacher continued his work in different fields until, in 1841, he was assigned to accompany an English expedition up the Niger. His instructions were to spy out the land with a view to the establishment of missionary stations. From the beginning of this trip the young missionary was much moved as he saw the evidences of the degradation of his people —a degradation which he would have shared but for the calamity of his capture.

But the expedition had not proceeded very far when the deadly African fever attacked the crew. Soon fifty-five persons were sick. Many died. It became necessary to return to the starting point without accomplishing the object of the voyage. But the expedition revealed the sterling qualities of Samuel Crowther and his fitness for the trying work of a pioneer in the Niger country. Accordingly he was sent to England, where, in 1842, he was ordained.

Soon after his return to Africa he was sent to the Yoruba mission, in response to the request of the Christians of Abeokuta. This fortified city had been founded by natives who sought to protect themselves against the slave-traders. A few Christians found their way to this fortress, and the mission was started.

A few weeks after the beginning of his new work at Abeokuta, his mother, whom he had last seen in the slave camp twenty-five years before, found him.

With her were a brother and two sisters. The restored mother became his first convert in Abeokuta. Within two years the new church had eighty communicants, with about two hundred candidates for baptism. In addition to these, many heathen had destroyed their idols.

It is related that, some time later, in company with Bishop Weeks, he went to England. They were riding in a railway coach one day when a fellow-traveller talked disparagingly of missions. "What are the missionaries doing?" he asked the bishop. "We pay them pretty well, but hear nothing from them. I suppose they are sitting down quietly, and making themselves comfortable." Mr. Crowther asked to be allowed to reply. "Sir," he said, "allow me to present myself to you as a result of the labours of the missionaries whose work you have been depreciating." Pointing to Bishop Weeks, he continued: "I am an African, and this man is the means of my having become a Christian and of my coming to this country in the capacity of a Christian minister!"

In 1857 another expedition was sent up the Niger to establish mission stations. Of this expedition Samuel Crowther was in charge, and its success was due to his wisdom and courage. Many adventures befell him before his return. On one occasion he was instrumental in preventing a human sacrifice by telling the natives of the wickedness of their cherished customs. Soon after this the *Dayspring,* his vessel, was wrecked on a rock, and the voyage was at an end. After the wreck he remained in the neighbourhood for some time. He visited chiefs near by, and made

explorations which resulted in the foundation of a number of promising stations when, in 1858, he returned to the scene of the wreck in a canoe.

In 1864, in Canterbury Cathedral, he was consecrated as the first bishop of the Niger. On his return to Africa he accomplished some of the most wonderful work of his life. A little company of Christians was collected at Bonny. When some of these were persecuted for their religion, they remained steadfast. Two men were offered high honours if they would eat meat which had been offered to idols, and were threatened with dire punishment if they refused. To these temptations one replied: "You know I never refused to perform my duty; but as for turning back to heathen worship, that is out of my power, for Jesus has taken charge of my heart, and padlocked it, and the key is with Him."

Captain Hart, a native chief, and his wife, were responsible for the persecution. When the wife died, Captain Hart was inconsolable. Bishop Crowther talked to him, pleaded with him, opened the Scriptures to him, and the persecutor himself became a Christian.

Another attempt at persecution was made in 1883, when several Christians were murdered. Bishop Crowther was warned to leave the country. Relief came, however, and the church began to grow by leaps and bounds.

The powerful native king of Brass, seeing the benefits which had come to Bonny through the gospel, sent to the bishop and asked for missionaries. The request was granted. Many converts were made. In

1879 the king himself was baptized. His idols were taken to London and may be seen to-day in the Church Mission House in Salisbury Square. For twelve years more the tireless missionary continued to labour with signal success. Everywhere converts were made. Whole villages turned from idolatry. Churches were built, and large districts were transformed from waste places into semi-civilized communities.

In 1891 the work was turned over to other hands. At the age of eighty-four Samuel Adjai Crowther, the first bishop of the Niger, answered the call of the Saviour whose servant he had been for seventy years, and went to greet his Lord.

XXXVIII

GOD'S ANSWER

WHEN missionaries began work in the Hawaiian Islands they found that one of the greatest hindrances to their success was the belief of the simple natives in the doctrine of tabu (from which we have our word taboo, meaning a prohibition). According to the doctrine of tabu, certain places, persons, and things were sacred. The penalty of disregarding the tabu was death.

The strongest tabu was that of Pelé, the goddess of fire, who was thought to dwell in the recesses of the crater of the volcano of Kilauea. Woe to that man or woman who was disrespectful of her anywhere within reach of her fiery arms.

As the missionaries continued their work, idolatrous practices began to give way, and many of the tabus were forgotten, but the picture of the terrible Pelé was so indelibly impressed on the minds of those who lived within a day's journey of Kilauea that it seemed useless to talk to them of disregarding the power they dreaded. What was to be done? Must the missionaries give up in despair?

The question was answered in a most unexpected way. One of the early converts made by the missionaries was Kapiolani, member of a noble family, who ruled over a large portion of the island, near the dreaded volcano. Before her conversion she was an ignorant, superstitious savage, drunken and immoral.

But when she became a Christian, all this was changed. She was soon a model woman who attached to her with bonds of steel all who knew her. She was the Lady Bountiful of her people, visiting them in their homes, ministering to them in their needs, and assisting the missionaries in their work.

But her heart was heavy because she was unable to persuade them to give up their superstitions. She was not satisfied with going to the temple of Keave and taking away the idols to a spot where no one could find them; she wanted to deal a death blow to the goddess Pelé.

Unconsciously she had prepared herself for this crisis when she was a child. To one of the missionaries she told how, "under the old régime, bananas and certain kinds of fish were forbidden to women. One day, she, with another girl of her own age and rank, resolved to taste the forbidden fruit. They held it as well in the hand as they could, and ran into the sea to eat it while bathing. A keen-eyed priest saw them in the act and they were tried, and condemned to the penalty of breaking this tabu—that of poverty, loss of rank, and to remain unmarried, unless suitable expiation could be made." The priest proceeded to make the expiation by seizing a boy page of Kapiolani's court and sacrificing him on the altar. "Why did not Christians come sooner and teach us better things!" Kapiolani said to the missionary, as she told the story.

Perhaps it was the memory of breaking the tabu by eating the banana that suggested the daring plan that has made the name of Kapiolani immortal. She

would go alone into the very heart of Pelé's territory, defy her power in the name of God, and call upon the people to see the result. If she perished, she could only perish; if she survived, perhaps the people would listen to the missionaries, and the power of the priests would be broken. It was a plan in many respects more sublime than that of Elijah who challenged the priests of Baal to a contest to determine whether Baal or God was the true God, for Elijah lived in a nominally God-fearing land, and was himself the descendant of pious ancestors; Kapiolani had been, until within a year or two, a heathen woman, and was still surrounded by heathenism. But she did not hesitate. In December, 1824, she started from the mission station at Hilo, determined to walk one hundred miles across rough lava beds to the crater itself. To the pleas of her subjects and her husband that she would give up the perilous expedition, her answer was, "The tabus are abolished. There is but one great God; He will keep me from harm."

Accompanied by eighty of her people, who insisted on going with her when they could not persuade her to remain at home in safety, she continued her weary tramp. Again and again she was besought by those who saw her to be warned in time and save her life, but her answer was always the same. "If I am destroyed, you may all believe in Pelé; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the true God."

The last opponent was a priestess of Pelé who stopped her near the crater, and threatened her with death if she persisted in her mad errand. It is related that Kapiolani so effectually reasoned with the priest-

ess that the woman said she could not longer stand in the way of her errand.

The hearts of her followers stood still as the princess picked her way down a rough path in the rim of the crater, crossing fissures from which issued smoke and sulphurous fumes, down to the very brink of the lake of molten lava. There she stooped and deliberately threw stones into the heart of the abode of Pelé. Then, turning to her panic-stricken friends, she said, firmly, "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pelé. If I perish by the anger of Pelé, then you may fear the power of Pelé, but if I trust in Jehovah, and He should save me from the wrath of Pelé, when I break through her tabus, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God and the way of righteousness."

"Surely now the enraged Pelé will destroy the foolhardy princess!" thought the people. But no! She stood serene and calm, her face alight with a glory not of earth. After singing the words of a hymn in which the people joined almost against their will, she knelt with them in prayer. "Thus were the fire palaces of Pelé consecrated as a temple of the living God." A woman had accomplished what men would not have dared.

The people did not feel safe till the volcano was left far behind. Once at home, they could talk of nothing but the brave deed of Kapiolani. As they talked they lost their fear of Pelé, and soon the way was open for the continuation among those who lived

near the volcano of the miracle that was transforming Hawaii from a pagan to a Christian land.

The world has laid many deserved tributes at the feet of Kapiolani for her heroism. "One of the greatest acts of moral courage ever performed," her deed has been called by one who has told of it. Another wrote: "Princess Kapiolani's descent into Kilauea crater was an act of sublime heroism few women are equal to." When, a few years after the epoch-making act, she died suddenly, her pastor said: "This nation has lost one of its brightest ornaments. It is saying no more than truth to assert that her equal is not left in the nation."

XXXIX

THE STORY OF PASTOR HSI

THE story of Pastor Hsi (pronounced Shee) as told by Mrs. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission is one long succession of incidents which plainly revealed the hand of God in the life and work of His servant.

Hsi, who was a man of culture, having won his degree from the Imperial University, was converted under the ministry of David Clark. His neighbours were surprised, but no one was more surprised than himself. A bitter enemy of foreigners and their teaching, he had been looked upon as the last man who would give up to the new religion. An opium smoker, and a cultivator of the opium poppy, what would seem more unlikely than that he should listen to missionaries who, in the name of the Master, made constant war on the opium habit?

But the Holy Spirit strove with the opium slave. He became a disciple of Christ. The chains of his degrading habit were broken. Idols were thrown aside. A new life was begun. At once he became a witness for Christ. By word and deed he sought to commend his Lord to his friends and relatives. His altered treatment of his stepmother and his confession of wrongdoing to his brethren with whom he had long been on bad terms led those who knew him to say that the Jesus doctrine must be a pretty good thing after all. It was not long until his wife and his

stepmother became Christians, and many of the neighbours followed. The number of the Christians about him so increased that he found it necessary to conduct religious services at a number of points.

Very soon those who had looked askance at him when he began his Christian life, and had prophesied all kinds of evil in consequence, made up their minds that he was the best man among them for a leader. They asked him to become their village elder. They declared that, since the beginning of his changed life, there was no one so fit for the post as himself. He reminded them that he was a Christian, and that one of the duties of the village elder was the care of the temples. When they insisted on his acceptance of the post, he promised to serve them on condition that the village temple be closed, and that no public worship of the gods be held throughout the year. So eager were they to have his services that they agreed to the condition. To their surprise they had the most prosperous year in the history of the village. Twice he was re-elected. For three years the temple was closed. Then the pressure of Christian work compelled him to lay down his office.

The number of those won from heathenism under his voluntary ministry became so large that he soon saw the necessity of securing assistance. The workers of the China Inland Mission were busy elsewhere; he must provide his own helpers, and the funds for their support. Little by little workers were selected, and work was given them, in connection with his own household. His own property proving insufficient to pay their wages, his devoted wife brought out from

the sandalwood boxes where she had kept them for years, the garments and jewels which had belonged to her bridal outfit, and sold them.

It was a problem to supply remunerative work for the helpers, who, very soon, became dependents. Hsi solved the problem—in part at least—by opening a drug store in a neighbouring village. The establishment of this drug store led to the beginning of his real life work. He was a physician, and hundreds came to consult him and to purchase his drugs. While he ministered to their bodies, he did not forget their souls, but made the store a new centre of his missionary work. A guest hall was fitted up, and to this all were welcomed. And thus, when Hsi had been a Christian only two years, he became the physician in charge of "a medical mission station, on purely native lines, sustained and conducted apart from foreign supervision."

To this guest room one day came Fan, from a neighbouring village, where he had heard of the new teaching. When he returned home, he, too, was a Christian, and eager for work. At once he began to invite men to Christ. But all about him were slaves to the opium habit. They had lost hope, and declared that salvation was not for them. Earnest prayer for guidance was answered. He was led to invite a medical missionary from a city at some distance to go to him, with his medicines. Then he asked all who desired treatment for the opium habit to live with him, at his expense. Soon nineteen men were undergoing treatment. Hsi made frequent visits to the new Opium Refuge, as it was called, and

under his ministry many of the patients were led to Christ.

After some months of successful effort, Fan sent to the city for a new supply of medicine, only to learn that none could be secured. Hsi, informed of the necessity of closing the Refuge for lack of medicine, prayed for guidance in compounding a new remedy. From his knees he went to the laboratory. The medicine compounded was entirely successful in completing the cure of those who were undergoing treatment.

"Such work could not but develop," Mrs. Taylor writes. "It was too good a thing not to be wanted; and the element of self-support made extension possible. Among the converts won by Hsi and Fan there were already some who were quite capable of carrying on little refuges in country places, with help and supervision; and from neighbouring towns and hamlets the call was coming for such work and men."

Before many years, more than forty refuges were "scattered over an area as large as England and Wales together." Thousands of patients were cured of the opium habit. Hundreds of these were converted. Churches were organized. Whole communities were transformed. The story of the opening of many of these refuges is thrilling.

Huak'ing Fu was a town to which Hsi turned longing eyes. Thither he sent an assistant, Ch'eng. But landlords were unwilling to rent quarters. After long effort, Ch'eng was discouraged. In the darkest hour he was seated in a tea house when a ragged, bleeding man—the victim of highway robbers—passed by, pursued by a jeering rabble. Ch'eng res-

cued him from his persecutors, took him to his own inn, procured new clothing for him, supplied him with funds, and sent him on his journey. The citizens, astonished, determined that the man who would do so much for a stranger could be trusted to open a refuge. Encouragement was given, and another successful station established.

The first city refuge was in Chao-Ch'eng. While Hsi was praying, the burden of that place was laid upon him. He hesitated because he had no means to undertake the work. Finally, however, he sent out Si and Chang as pioneers. They carried nothing with them but three thousand pills. On reaching the city they resolved to spend a day in prayer before making any attempt to find quarters. While they were praying, two leading men of the city came to see them, told them they had heard of Hsi's refuges, and were rejoiced to learn that their city was to have one. They begged leave to rent and furnish a house, to advance the necessary capital, and to become the first patients. So the prayer was answered as soon as made. The refuge thus opened speedily became the largest of those in Hsi's charge. Some years later there was a church of over three hundred members, the direct outgrowth of the work.

The superintendence of this large system of refuges was entirely in the hands of Hsi. The pills for the treatment of all the patients were made under his direction. Religious services were held in every refuge. Each patient was required to work, in order that the establishment with which he was connected might be self-supporting. Four to five thousand dol-

lars annually had to be provided for necessary expenses—the payment of wages, and the payments for food and medicines.

Hsi's faithfulness and success were recognized by the China Inland Mission. He was ordained to the ministry, and was officially placed in charge of a number of stations, and of all the refuge work. From the day of his ordination he become even more active. "He was often away from home for weeks or months together, visiting the refuges and superintending church affairs. On the cover of his cart, as he travelled from place to place, he had the sentence, 'Holy Religion of Jesus,' in large, red characters, to draw attention, and to afford an opening for conversation on spiritual things. For the same reason he often wore across the front of his outer garment the characters:

"'Je-su kiang shi kin ren:'

"'Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

During later years he was away from home as much as ten months out of twelve, travelling like any poor man of the district. He wore cotton garments, instead of the silks and furs of earlier years.

One of the most striking things in his career was his reliance on prayer; he prayed always, and about everything. He wrote: "My wife and I, for the space of three years, seldom put off our clothing to go to sleep, in order that we might be more ready to watch and pray. Sometimes, in a solitary place, I spent whole nights in prayer." Once his persecutors had his university degree taken from him. He prayed, and his degree was restored. When about to open a

new refuge, he prayed. As he prayed when he made his first supply of pills, so he prayed whenever he renewed the supply, and fasted, as well, the entire twenty-four hours of the day given to the work. He prayed when his own property was spent, and more funds were needed. The answer came when he wrote a prize Christian poem—the first of sixty hymns from his pen, many of which are now used in churches all over China. "Prayer seemed to be the very atmosphere of his life," is the testimony of a missionary who knew him intimately.

Especially in his earlier years, there were many defects in his character. He loved to be a leader, and was sometimes overbearing. He was impatient of restraint. But as the years passed he grew in grace, and became like a little child. "The meekness and gentleness of Christ had so mellowed his spirit that hardly a trace seemed left of the once imperious, self-confident Confucionist," Mrs. Taylor writes.

In 1895, when he was sixty years old, he was stricken in the midst of his work. For six months he lingered without gaining strength. He gradually wasted away, having been utterly prostrated by years of overstrain. It was feared that no one could be found to take his place. But a successor as leader of the refuge work was found in Si, who had himself been freed from the slavery of opium and brought to Christ in one of the refuges. And when he was murdered by the Boxers, Hsu, another of Hsi's converts, took up the work.

NINE

UNLIKELY INSTRUMENTS

XL

THE WIDOW'S MITE

AFTER long hesitation the officers and members of the church in a manufacturing town had decided to erect a new building. At the congregational meeting called to consider the question the trustees announced that they had carefully gone over the pros and cons, and had made up their minds to recommend that the enterprise be undertaken. The congregation had confidence in the trustees; so their recommendation was adopted, and various committees were appointed that the work might be pushed as rapidly as possible.

But the congregation did not know all that lay behind the report of the trustees. For instance, they knew nothing of the meeting, at which, with a roll of the members of church and congregation before them, the trustees had checked off the individuals one by one, and had written down their names in a secret list. Opposite each name was indicated the probable amount of the contribution to be expected. Sometimes it was necessary to spend a long time in discussion before a decision was reached; but frequently a name was written down almost at once, either because it was definitely known what the individual intended to give, or because there was little likelihood of receiving any gift worth including in the total.

"Here is Mrs. M——," finally said the trustee who held the roster of the congregation. "Poor woman,

we know she would like to do something, but I guess we must just count her out." Then to one of the board who did not know who Mrs. M—— was, he added:

"She is a poor widow whose mind has been a little unsettled since the sudden death of her husband. She comes to the services regularly, and we have become used to her ways. But I fear there is nothing she can do for the new building."

The meeting of the trustees was concluded, and the building committees soon took up the task committed to them by the congregation. Just at first all went well. Many of those who had in advance pledged themselves for large sums paid the amounts promptly. Others, when approached for gifts, came up to the expectations formed of them in that preliminary stock-taking meeting. Still others made good subscriptions, but were slow in paying them. Many more gave the solicitors no satisfaction, either putting off from day to day the decision as to what they would do, or stating that it was impossible to do anything.

Then came the financial flurry. The town's industries were paralyzed. Everybody felt poor. The building committees were at a loss to know how to go on with their work. Generous gifts were still needed from a number, while smaller gifts from many others should be made to tide over the time of depression. Yet it seemed that nothing could be done. An hour had been spent in fruitless discussion, when the treasurer rose and asked for permission to make a statement.

"Do you remember what we said about counting

Mrs. M—— out of the giving for the new building? Well, while she wasn't approached for a subscription, she has quietly refused to be counted out. The very next Sunday after we decided to go ahead she handed me a little folded piece of paper. Curiously I opened it, and to my surprise found a twenty-five-cent piece. I was puzzled to know what the money was for until I saw the words carefully written on the paper,

FOR GOD'S HOUSE

"For a little while I wondered if I ought not to give the money back to her. I knew that her resources were very slender; how she had contrived to secure the silver I could not imagine. But what right had I to return her gift? I turned it into the building-fund at once.

"The next Sunday she handed me another bit of paper. Wrapped in it was a dime. The same legend was written on the paper. The third Sunday this was repeated. Then I began to look for the weekly gifts, and I was never disappointed. You don't know how, during the week, I counted on the Sunday-morning approach of the widow with her vacant, cheery smile. Often I wondered how she contrived to put aside the coins—now a nickel, now a dime, again a quarter, once or twice only a penny, once a half-dollar. I have since learned that she earned some of the amounts by little services to her neighbours.

"Last Sunday I wouldn't have been surprised if she had not paid her weekly visit; you know how hard times have been in the town. But, when I went home from church, I had her little packet in my pocket. In my own room I took it out reverently. It felt lighter than usual; I put my hand into my vest pocket to see if the coin had slipped out. Not finding it, I opened the paper. There was nothing there. Yes, there was, too; there was as much—pardon me for saying it—as in any receptacle any of us have used as an enclosure for our gifts for the building-fund. For, written on the paper, were the words:

FOR GOD'S HOUSE
MY LOVE.

"Brethren, do you wonder that I felt that I was holding in my hands something sacred?"

There was silence in that meeting when the treasurer's simple tale was finished. Soon the meeting was dismissed; it seemed impossible to say or do anything more that night. As the trustees turned homeward, they were thinking of Mrs. M—— and her loving gifts to her Master.

But the meeting was not fruitless. Soon quiet whispers about the widow's giving were passed from one to another in the church and the town, and almost at once the building committees began to note that the tide of subscriptions and payments, so long ebbing,

was turning. Some who had been slow to redeem promises already made decided that they must delay no longer; still others found it possible to increase gifts which they had felt were already large enough. And through it all the widow went on her way, serenely unconscious that she was being talked about, and that her love for God's house was being used in so wonderful a way for the building of the sanctuary.

When the building, complete and beautiful, was ready for the first service, a neighbouring minister was asked to preach the opening sermon. At the close of the service he was introduced to many of the congregation. All but two of the introductions were made without comment. The exceptions were a hale old man of seventy-five, who, he was told, had been a teacher in the local Sunday School for fifty-two years, and Mrs. M——, whose story was detailed to him after she had gone on her way. Until he heard the story he wondered why she was singled out for his special attention in company with the faithful Sunday School teacher. When he had heard, he wondered no longer; for he felt that were a list to be prepared of those that had done most for the new church building, the widow's name would lead all the rest. God had used her in His own wonderful way.

XLI

USED FOR GOD'S GLORY

MANY years ago the men who made up the North Sea fishing fleets were, as a rule, a godless set. They thought nothing of Sabbath-breaking—it was the recognized thing for the nets to be let down on Sunday as on other days. They gloried in drunkenness and debauchery—and drunkenness and debauchery were made easy by the presence of grog boats in every fleet. They held human life so cheap that apprentice boys were often thrown overboard, the deaths being noted in the log as accidental. In "The Harvest of the Sea," Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell has told of the occurrences which God used to bring about better conditions.

There were probably some Christians among the captains and men, but they did not let their companions know of their profession. One day, however, a captain was converted who was different from his fellow Christians in the fleet. Perhaps it was only after a severe struggle that he decided on his future course; probably he was sorely tempted to keep his religion to himself. But he overcame the temptation and made up his mind to stand by his colours. Christ had saved him; why should he not tell others of his Lord?

So it came about that one Sabbath morning the men of the fleet were startled to see the name of Jesus flying from the stern of the vessel commanded

by the young Christian. They soon learned that the vessel was, on Sunday, to take no part in the fishing, but that its decks and cabins were to be thrown open to all who wished to leave their own vessels for a rest or a prayer meeting.

The owners of the vessel soon became dissatisfied with the new arrangement and ordered the captain to remove his flag and take part in the Sunday fishing, as before. When he said he could not, he was informed that he must obey orders or be discharged. As he had a large family and was absolutely without means, discharge would mean poverty. But he was firm. So a man who had no scruples about Sunday work was put in his place.

It was not long until Christian men learned of these events. Quietly they set to work. As a result of their efforts a well-equipped vessel joined the fleet—a mission boat, which was, during the week, to take part in the fishing, but on Sunday was to remain at anchor, as a gathering place for all. The stalwart Christian captain who had lost his berth for the sake of conscience was placed in charge.

Soon similar boats joined other fleets. The rule of six days of work and one day of rest was observed in every case. To the surprise of many it was noted that the season's catch of the six-day boats was almost invariably better than that of the seven-day vessels.

But this testimony to the value of Sabbath observance is not all that has been accomplished by these mission boats. They were made so attractive that men deserted the grog boats and flocked to the new

resorts. The business of the grog boats became unprofitable, and can never again be made profitable, since the law of nations forbids their presence on the seas.

And this came about—by God's blessing—in consequence of the stand of one rough captain who was faithful to his Lord and testified for Him in the face of jeers and misfortune.

XLII

THE MAN GOD SENT

A TRAVELLING man wrote to the editor of the American *Sunday School Times* a report of an experience related to him by a fellow traveller. They had been talking of God's dealings with His people, and this was given as an illustration of His loving ways. The man who related the incident began:

"I am a bond salesman from Chicago. Returning from Freeport, Illinois, one day, I discovered that I would reach Chicago too late for my work in the office that day, so I determined to stop off at a small town between trains and pay an old friend a visit. It was to be a surprise. Upon going to his home, I found the house locked up; the neighbours informed me that my friend and family had gone away for a three weeks' stay. This was a disappointment.

"A wait of five hours for the next train confronted me, but I determined to make the best of it, so I walked out into the country to pass away the time, and came upon an old man in a field by the roadside who was slowly turning hay, preparing it for the barn. After exchanging greetings, I engaged the old gentleman in conversation, but I soon discovered that while he was very courteous and kind in his replies to my questions, he kept at his work. The thought came to me, 'Why not help him?' Telling him of my disappointment, I took an idle fork standing near by, and side by side we worked and talked. When the

hay was all raked up and gathered in small heaps, I found that I must return to the station. Extending my hand to bid him good-by, I remarked that my disappointment had been turned into genuine pleasure by his acquaintance and the pleasant, profitable conversation.

"Holding my hand he said, 'Let me tell you something before you go. This morning, as we awoke, mother and I talked about getting up this hay. I remarked that I was feeling so bad that I feared I would be unable to accomplish the task; but mother encouraged me, and assured me that the Lord would help me. At family prayers we both asked our Heavenly Father for His help. I arose feeling refreshed and felt sure that in some way He would help, but,' he added, as he pressed my hand tighter and a tear glistened in his eye, 'I really did not expect the Lord to send a man from Chicago with kid gloves and patent leather shoes to help me do it.'"

XLIII

AN AGENT OF PROVIDENCE

TWO wretched tramps found their way to the St. Louis City Mission. One of the men, only a little less degraded than his companion, sought the superintendent, Edward Card, and gave him this note:

"DEAR MR. CARD: I have done all I could for this poor fellow, and now I turn him over to you to see if you can do anything for him."

Mr. Card recognized the name signed to the note as that of the proprietor of one of the most notorious saloons in the slums surrounding the mission. The bearer, in whose charge the subject of the note had come, was "bouncer" and janitor at the saloon. The man delivered with the note had been harboured in the saloon until he had spent every cent, until his clothes were in rags and his self-respect in tatters. This was what the saloonist had done for him!

But he did him one good turn when he sent him to the mission. For when Mr. Card looked at the poor wreck, he thought of his own life less than a dozen years before, from which he had been rescued by the grace of God made known to him in the Pacific Garden Mission of Chicago, where so many hundreds of drunkards have begun a new life. With the gracious tact which characterizes the mission worker whom

God delights to honour, he conversed with the outcast from the saloon, and in a little while had the joy of leading to Christ a man who had left a good home on a farm down in the state. For three years he had been leading a career of debauchery, while, down on the farm, a mother's heart was breaking.

Next day the "bouncer" himself returned to learn how his friend was getting on. A meeting was under way, so he could not speak to Mr. Card at once. He sat down for a time. But the thirst for drink proved too strong to resist, and he started for the door. An assistant on the platform, noting his departure, hurried after him and caught him. As he was going out, a detaining hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Mr. Card wants to speak to you a moment," was the explanation.

Surprised, he returned to his seat. He supposed that Mr. Card wished to say something about the man who had been left at the mission the day before. Probably he would be told that it was impossible to do anything for the poor fellow. Too bad! He had heard that the mission had done wonders for some men. But probably they were not so far gone as this unfortunate. Well, he'd just wait and see.

His surprise was great when at the close of the meeting he learned that instead of being thrown out of the mission as of no account, the man had become a Christian. He saw him and noted the look of joy in his face. But, sceptical of the permanence of the change, he was not ready himself to yield to the earnest entreaties of the workers that he would give his

heart to the same Saviour who was transforming his friend.

He went to the saloon that night. But he returned to the mission next day. Again he saw his friend; and again he doubted the reality of the change in him. Once more he refused to yield.

A third time he entered the mission. That night he saw his friend come in. But who was that on his arm? A woman! A woman in tears! And what had happened to her escort? His face was shining; the marks of dissipation were all but hidden by the marks of the Lord Jesus which already were visible on the countenance of the Christian three days old. The face shone yet more when he rose to tell of God's goodness to him. He told of a message sent to the little mother down on the farm, and how she, overjoyed, had hastened to the city to her boy who had been lost but was found. He had brought her with him that the boys might see her, and that she might meet the man whom God had used to reach his heart.

It was enough. There could be no more scepticism now. The wonderful change in the outcast was real. The "bouncer" broke down, and found the same Saviour who was doing so much for his friend.

Then he told his story. Ten years before he had lived in a city in Eastern Pennsylvania. There he had a good home and good prospects. But he drank—just a little. He knew a good Presbyterian girl, a teacher in the Sunday School, and he asked her to marry him. She told him she loved him,—but she insisted that she could not marry him until he was a Christian. Angrily he left her and began a life of wandering and

sin. He served as carpenter on many ships. Then he left the sea, and drifted from bad to worse until he cared for nothing but drink, and was glad to take the place of "bouncer" in consideration of unlimited supplies of liquor.

Now there was a change. The old-time "Chips" of the Atlantic tramp vessels found employment with a city contractor. Sober and industrious, he opened a bank account. He united with a church. At length, when he had saved a few hundred dollars, he paid a visit to the old Pennsylvania home. On inquiry, he learned that "she" was still unmarried. He sought her, told her of his Christian profession, and renewed the proposal made ten years before. Then he married her—and took her to a home in St. Louis, where he had a prosperous business of his own.

"I sat with them at their table the other evening," Mr. Card said, in telling this story. "I looked up and saw a certificate on the wall which told the reader that the wife had taught five years in the home Sunday School without missing a Sunday. I looked about me and saw a comfortable home. I looked at the faces of my hosts and saw two of God's trusting children. And then I thanked Him who had wrought the wonderful change.

"And now I think of that other happy woman down on the farm—her son by her side; joy in her heart; God in the lives of both.

"Do you wonder I rejoice in the opportunity for work at the mission? Do you wonder if I forget that funds are sometimes short, and that frequently we don't quite know where the next meal is coming

from? And to think that God is giving me—who was just like these other poor boys—a chance to be an instrument in His providential dealings with those poor fellows!"

XLIV

GOD'S CALL TO THREE MEN

IN 1855 a missionary from Syria was in Newark, New Jersey, speaking to the boys of the Sunday School. Later he told the story of that day, and its sequel:

"I proposed to them that, if they felt inclined on reaching home, they should write a resolution as follows: 'Resolved, that if the Lord will give me grace, I will be a missionary.' One little boy, James S. Dennis, did write such a resolution, as I learned thirteen years afterward, September 23, 1868, when I went to Newark to give the charge at his ordination, and was a guest in his house. Mr. Dennis told me that in October, 1855, his son Jimmy came home from hearing me speak, went to his room, and soon after brought him a written resolution, 'Resolved, that if the Lord will give me grace, I will be a missionary.'"

The words spoken to the Sunday School that day in 1855 were the inspiration of the life of one who became a missionary whose work has been far-reaching.

"Gipsy" Smith tells in his autobiography the story of his boyhood. He was a full-blooded Romany who wandered with his father and mother and other members of the band from place to place, wherever there was a chance to make a profitable deal in horseflesh or to sell the baskets, clothes-pegs, and tinware which formed the gipsies' stock in trade.

One day a party, of which D. L. Moody was a member, paid a visit to the gipsy encampment in Epping Forest, where Rodney Smith—this is the "Gipsy's" "real" name—was camping with his father. Other members of the party spent the time in looking about them curiously, but Moody, seeing his opportunity for work, went up to Rodney as he stood by his father's cart, placed his hand on the boy's head, and said, "The Lord make a preacher of you, my boy."

The millions of people in all parts of the world who have heard the gospel from the lips of "Gipsy" Smith know how effective the words proved. Rodney never for a day forgot the kindly message. He felt that he was called to be a minister. The difficulties in his way were many, but they were all surmounted, and he is known to-day as one of the world's greatest evangelists.

When Henry Drummond was a boy in Stirling, Scotland, he attended a monster Sunday School service. The church being crowded when he came in with his school, he was pushed to the pulpit stairs, and, finally, into the pulpit itself. "The speaker began his sermon by comparing the Bible to a tree, each book being a branch, each chapter a twig, each verse a leaf," Drummond wrote years later. "'My text is in the thirty-ninth branch, the third twig, and the seventeenth leaf,' the speaker said, 'Try and find it for me.'" The boy Henry stepped from behind him and said, "Malachi third and seventeenth." "Right, my boy; now take my place and read it out," the preacher responded. When Henry had read, the minister laid his hand on the boy's head and said,

"Well done; I hope some day you will be a minister."

From that day Henry Drummond looked forward to the ministry as his life work. Through college years his purpose was kept before him. When he entered the seminary the words of the minister who had inspired him as a boy were not forgotten. He did not finish his seminary course, but when Moody and Sankey visited Scotland, he became an active helper in their evangelistic work.

His work for students and other young men was begun soon afterward. The world's verdict on the ministry of Henry Drummond has been given in no uncertain terms. It is difficult to see how he could have been spared from among our religious workers. The name of the minister who inspired him has been forgotten, but his influence lives in tens of thousands of lives touched for good by Drummond's written and spoken words.

The words that were used by God to turn the thoughts of Dennis and Smith and Drummond from secular life to a life of devoted Christian service were few. But what if they had not been spoken? Of course God could have made these men ministers without the aid of the speakers who inspired them. But God chose to work through these men. They were the instruments of His providence.

TEN

MARVELLOUS DELIVERANCES

XLV

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

ONE of the many wonderful records of providential escapes of endangered workers on the mission field is that related of the Rev. A. E. Glover, his wife, two young children, and Miss Gates, all of the China Inland Mission, who were caught in the Boxer uprising of 1900 in Shan-si province. For sixty-seven days they travelled through the heart of the most anti-foreign section of China, one thousand miles, to the seacoast. Every day their lives were in imminent danger. Many times the sentence of death was passed. Sometimes their enemies were in the very act of taking their lives. But God thought best to answer their prayers by sparing them, and they were enabled to reach their friends. The story of those awful days was told by Mr. Glover in "A Thousand Miles of Miracle."

The little party had been set upon by a large mob, and imprisoned in a small inn. There they knelt in prayer. "For the glory of His name," Mr. Glover wrote, "we prayed that He would not permit the officials, or our captors in the room, to touch a hair of our heads, and that no power might be given them against us. . . . There was dead silence as the prayer went up. Five men were lying about the room. Presently the silence was broken, and out of the semi-darkness came the words:

"'They have been praying to their God to deliver

them. Aye! deliver them, indeed! Too late for that now! What is the use of praying when everything is fixed?'

"It must have been shortly after midnight, as nearly as we could judge, when a stealthy knock was heard at the door, and a voice demanding admittance. The bolt was drawn, and the form of Tseh-cheo lao-ie showed big in the doorway.

"'Up, up!' he said. 'Up and be doing! Now's your time. These foreign devils are under your hand and in your power; and you must put them to death. Do it in any way you choose; but do it you must, and do it now. Kill them at once, and don't be afraid. Poison them with opium, if you will. And to prevent trouble, stupefy them first by burning such and such narcotic. Do as I command you, and never fear.'"

After a while one of the men lit a vessel. At once the fumes of some narcotic began to fill the room to suffocation. In spite of all his efforts, Mr. Glover was overcome. The watcher brought his lamp to see if his work was done. All were insensible but Miss Gates. When he saw her condition he waited. She continued to pray throughout the night. The fumes had no effect on her, and the men seemed afraid to do anything while she was conscious.

So, with weapons in hand, the ruffians passed the night. Finally they fell asleep. At daybreak they woke. The prisoners, too, had recovered consciousness. "The keepers shake themselves from their uneasy slumber, and as they don their clothing we hear them discussing the events of the night, and the an-

swer they shall make to the remonstrance of the Lao-ie; and it is this:

"'These people have been praying to Shang-ti Je-ho-hua (Jehovah God) and we could do nothing against their prayers.'

"Such was the testimony of the heathen around us—of the same men who but a few hours before had mocked at the futility of prayer and scoffed at the idea of a God who could deliver out of their hands."

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify Me," was the promise upon which these faithful missionaries rested. Why do we not depend on God's word as they did? He will deliver us—in His own way and in His own time—in answer to the prayer of faith.

XLVI

THE STORY OF MATULA

MATULA was the son of Mundele, who had been the proud wife of a native prince of the Congo country until her husband was murdered by robbers and all the members of his household sold. The record of the life of this boy, born in slavery, as told by Rev. John Bell, of Wathen Station, on the Lower Congo, is a wonderful record of God's providential dealings.

When Matula was ten years old the natives became worried because the tribe was in danger of extinction. They were sure some one had bewitched the people, who were dying so rapidly. Mpanzu, Matula's father, was fixed on as the guilty man, since he was rich, while others were poor, and had a healthy family, while his neighbours were continually mourning the death of their children. The penalty of witchcraft was death. So Matula returned from the forest one day to find himself fatherless, his mother sold to another man, and the property confiscated. Although a mere lad he determined to earn money to buy his mother's freedom. He was soon a regular trader, attending the markets at the native villages. So successful was he in these ventures that he was soon able to see his mother once more a free woman. During one of his trading expeditions he saw a white man for the first time; but, fearing

to be bewitched, he ran from him. For two years he visited periodically the mission station at Wathen, but was unable to overcome his dread of the foreigners, until one day he called to see N'lemvo, a native assistant at the mission. N'lemvo, about to be baptized, succeeded in persuading his visitor to accompany him to the service. But he was ill at ease. "When all closed their eyes in prayer he kept his open, afraid lest they should do something to him when he was not looking."

Eight years passed. At the end of that period Matula, having overcome his fear of the white missionaries, begged Dr. Bentley to visit his brother, who had long been ill. This was the missionary's opportunity. His patient attended to, he told the brothers of Christ, and urged them to yield their hearts to the Master. Matula was thoughtful after that day, and always eager to see and hear the missionaries. But it was impossible to attend to his work, and sit at the feet of the white teachers. So he bribed a thirteen-year-old boy to go to the mission station to learn all he could of the new teaching. When he had been trained he was to impart his new information to Matula.

This step led to persecution. His neighbours turned away from him, while his mother was ready to call him a witch. But he found comfort in the hours spent with his young teacher, who told him of Jesus and taught him to sing several hymns, among them, "Jesus Loves Me," as it had been translated into the native tongue:

"Jizu ntuzolele
Nkand 'a Nzambi nvovele wo,
Yete awonso tu an 'andi,
Okutulandanga."

Matula, now a married man, went here and there with his wife, singing to the people and telling them of the Saviour whom he had come to know and love.

"Then," writes Mr. Bell, "came a time of great darkness. His mother became very ill. His old heathen superstition suggested that she was bewitched, and he became possessed with the idea that Mankwenia (his boy teacher) must have done it, for he had come to them with these new palavers, which every one had said must be witchcraft. He called all his people together and told them he believed the boy was a witch. He made an awful threat that, if his mother died, Mankwenia would be put to death. He commanded the lad not to sing or teach, or speak of God's palavers again, and many of the people heartily supported him, glad that Matula was returning to and even overstepping his old life."

Although his mother recovered Matula continued in his old ways, gave up trying to learn, gave up singing, and tried to give up all thought of God. As a counter-excitement he became a slave-dealer. After some months of sin he heard a Christian company singing. With his wife, who had lapsed into heathenism with him, he went to the service. "As they sat there they both became conscience-stricken; the Spirit of God asserted His power, and they wept sorely at the

remembrance of how they had both gone about singing some of the self-same hymns."

It was not long until his former friends decided to punish him for his change of religion. Provoking him by various crafty means, they made him defend himself. No harm was done; but he was confined in a house from which he was to be taken to be murdered. Guards were stationed about the house that the prisoner might not escape.

"Matula prayed earnestly to God, and encouraging himself with the words, 'God knows,' he looked about him for a way of escape. He discovered that one corner of the gable-end was not very closely put together. So, dexterously raising one of the little cross-rods, and gently parting the grass, he managed to slip through into a thick wood." When his escape was discovered it was attributed to witchcraft. His property was seized and his sister, Maluvunu, was carried away captive.

Next day his relatives armed themselves and went out to release Maluvunu. The battle which followed suddenly ceased when one of Matula's friends was killed. Then the young Christian was in greater danger than ever. It was decided that he was responsible for the death, as the battle had been begun on his account. Twice they sought to murder him, but failed. Then he was charged with a crime which he had never committed, convicted before two chiefs, and sentenced to pay a large fine. If he did not pay, he was to be sold into slavery.

When, however, it became apparent to his persecutors that he would succeed in paying his fine, they

tried to secure his execution on another false charge. The criminal courts were then in session at Tumba, not far away. So he was accused of the murder of a woman who had, in reality, died from natural causes. False witnesses swore away his character and declared him guilty of the murder. The judge was puzzled when Matula asserted his innocence. Impressed by his story, he set him free for a few months, instructing him to return with new evidence when called for.

Then came temptation again. There seemed to be no safety for him unless he would forsake his new religion, return to his acquaintances, and appease them by distributing among them all his possessions. But he resisted the temptation and determined to go to the missionaries for advice and assistance. So, accompanied by more than thirty members of his family and dependents, he travelled the sixty miles to the station.

Here he was safe, but his heart yearned for his enemies, the ignorant heathen whom he had left. He determined to go to them, and no argument could dissuade him. When he met his persecutors he told them of God's love and of the death of Christ. "With tears in his eyes he told them how he himself now believed. He told them that he had no bitterness in his heart against them, and freely forgave them for the way they had treated him. He earnestly entreated them to forsake their evil ways and turn to God." They pretended to hear him favourably and invited him to the hamlet of Mongo, where they would arrange to receive further instruction. Overjoyed, Matula went, only to find himself surrounded by armed

men. He was attacked with clubs and knives, stripped naked, bound with cords, and a forked stick was put about his neck. Then he was forced to accompany his captors. For hours they dragged him with them, each moment inflicting fresh tortures, until he begged for death. Finally a council was held and sentence of death was passed on him for sorcery. He was confined in a house, "laid on his back with arms and legs outstretched, each tied to opposite walls; round his waist were ropes, which were tied to watchers on either side, and the forked stick at his neck was tied to the low ridge-pole. On his left slept the man who had been heavily bribed to murder him." Matula gave up all thought of escape, and prepared for death,

"He committed himself to God's keeping. All his watchers had fallen asleep and he himself began to doze. Gradually he was awakened by a queer sensation at his feet. What could it be. Why, they were being burned! His feet were bound over the ashes of last night's fire! The cords smouldered themselves asunder. Still his waist, hands, and neck were bound; but by drawing up his feet he was able to move his hands a little, and by constant friction the cord slipped off the forked stick and he was able to get them in front of him. He wiggled himself out from the cords which bound his waist. Then he was free, save for the clogs of iron which hung to each foot." Once outside he found a hatchet and a large knife and easily released himself. His only avenue of escape was by way of a river known to be the haunt of man-eating crocodiles. With a prayer for protection he plunged in and reached the opposite

bank. When, recovered from his wounds, he returned to Tumba, where he was again to face his accusers, it was in the growing confidence that God, who had delivered him from the grasp of his enemies, would provide a way of escape from the charge of murder. His confidence was justified. Two witnesses were found who proved an alibi, and he was free.

There was a surprise, however, for the persecuted man at Tumba. His accusers were there under arrest. "The State had heard of their attempt to murder him and had at once ordered their confinement." Their punishment would probably have been severe, but Matula was unwilling to press matters, and they were set at liberty, with a reprimand. The same spirit of forbearance characterized him in his future dealing with his persecutors. He resumed relations with them as though nothing had happened. Then followed a year of peace. Matula had proved himself and he was welcomed to church membership. Soon many of his family and friends followed him.

Then this servant of God was attacked by the dreaded, mysterious sleep-sickness to which the natives of the Congo district are subject. "This awful malady," writes the biographer, "is a variety of cerebro-spinal meningitis, which manifests itself in different ways. Over some of the naturally lethargic it steals as a narcotic, deadening every sense and feeling and inducing a dazed and stupid semi-consciousness. Over the lively and active it dominates as the stronger man trying to bind the strong. There is struggle after struggle, and for long it is uncertain which will gain the victory. These victims, as they

feel themselves getting more and more under its power, rouse themselves to shake it off; but the mind being weakened, their efforts bear every symptom of insanity. In fact, strong outbursts of passion, ungovernable acts of temper, and various forms of unreasonableness, appearing in otherwise gentle characters, are almost always a sure index of the beginnings of sleep-sickness."

Matula had intervals of sanity and gentleness, during which he was active in Christian work, pleading with his neighbours to give their hearts to Christ. One woman of sixty has testified that it was through him she was led to the Light. She was inconsolable because of the death of her daughter until the dying man told her of the hope of seeing her loved one again if she trusted the Saviour. It was not long until her teacher found relief from his pain as he answered the summons of Him to whom he had pointed so many.

XLVII

THE CONQUEST OF THE LOCUST PLAGUE

IN parts of America, on several occasions, there have been plagues of grasshoppers—Rocky Mountain locusts. Farms were devastated, and ruin was widespread. Perhaps the worst visitation of this character was in the years 1873 to 1877. In 1873 a few Minnesota counties were affected. In 1874 it seemed to observers as if there were a thousand times as many of the destroying insects. Everything green in their track was destroyed; trees, fields, gardens all were bare as in winter. A much larger portion of the state was involved.

The destruction was so great that during the following winter an appeal was made to the state legislature for aid, but the need was not apparent to the legislators and the sum appropriated was entirely inadequate to cope with the pest.

In the spring of 1875 the locusts again descended on the fields and extended their operations to still other sections until the whole of Southern Minnesota was groaning under the visitation. An ineffective campaign of extermination was conducted. Efforts were made to kill the insects by coal oil, and a bounty was offered to boys who would gather locusts and take them to the appointed official of the county in which they lived.

The effect of the state law authorizing the pay-

ment of these bounties was thus vividly described in *The Saturday Evening Post* by one who was a locust-collector at the time:

"With men and boys by the hundred chasing over the fields in every township in the southern part of the State and catching from a few pounds to several bushels of grasshoppers a day, the sum that the counties were called upon to pay soon became enormous. One county, Blue Earth, was on the rapid road to bankruptcy; and now, instead of crying for aid to destroy the grasshoppers, its treasurer called for relief from those who were destroying the insects. An appeal was made to the Governor, asking that the law be suspended. He complied, for, although such immense quantities had been destroyed, apparently no headway was being made against the overwhelming hordes that came forth from the ground in increasing numbers every spring. They had so increased that they had covered and laid waste thirty-two counties. They had spread into Dakota, and northern Iowa was also being affected."

The observer who wrote these facts went on to say:

"By the close of the summer of 1876 the situation was one almost to cause despair. But in the hope that something might result from a wider discussion of the situation, Governor Pillsbury, of Minnesota, invited a conference of the governors of adjoining and nearby States. Accordingly, in October, 1876, the Governors of Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, and Minnesota assembled at Omaha. Some noted entomologists were also present, on invitation, for it was thought that they might advance some plan

for the destruction of the grasshoppers. This consultation, however, brought out little that was new. Every remedy that was suggested had already been tried—every remedy but one.

"When the conference was drawing to a close the Governor of Dakota suggested that a day of prayer be appointed, for possibly relief to the stricken State would come from a higher power than had yet been invoked. This thought was received lightly by some, though it found lodgment in the mind of Governor Pillsbury. But, apparently, the council of Governors was profitless."

In the meantime suffering among the farmers had become so acute that the legislature appropriated money for their relief, and the Governor issued an appeal for aid. That winter six thousand people were fed and clothed by the state.

The wonderful story of what followed is given in the words of the writer already quoted, who wrote after refreshing his memory by conference with the Hon. John S. Pillsbury, Governor of Minnesota at the time. He said:

"This was the condition that prevailed in thirty-two counties of Minnesota, and which was extending into Dakota and Iowa, when the fourth winter of the plague of locusts came. Every means that could be devised for the destruction of the grasshoppers had been tried, yet they had steadily increased; the actual suffering in the impoverished districts had been pointed out to the world, and relief had been given; yet the conditions that confronted the afflicted State were unchanged. Millions upon millions of grass-

hoppers had perforated the earth the summer before, and therein planted their billions of eggs, which, with the genial warmth of an April sun, would hatch out little, hopping, devouring things, to swarm over the State and the adjoining States—and why not over the country? As they had spread out from two or three to thirty-two counties, what could stay them from going on and devouring as many States? Why might there not be 6,000,000 people to feed and clothe instead of 6,000?

"Everything else had been tried—would the prayers of the people avail when the work of their hands had gone for naught? This was a question that the Governor was now asked to deliberate upon. Some ministers of the State began to importune him to issue a proclamation appointing a day for prayer throughout the State. He listened to them attentively and gave their proposition consideration. Finally, toward spring, he made a proposal to some of the ministers.

"'Get up an expression,' said he, 'setting forth just what it is that you propose, and have it general, and if it meets with my approval I will do as you wish.'

"This was done, and an expression from many of the ministers of the State, requesting that a day be appointed for fasting and prayer, was handed to the Governor.

"Upon this he decided to act, and a proclamation, of which the following is a copy, was issued:

"State of Minnesota, Executive Department,
"St. Paul, April 9, 1877.

"A general desire having been expressed by various religious bodies in this State, for an official designation of a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, in view of the threatened continuation of the grasshopper scourge, I do hereby, in recognition of our dependence upon the power and wisdom of Almighty God, appoint Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of April, instant, to be observed for such purpose throughout the State; and I invite the people, on the day thus set apart, to withdraw from their ordinary pursuits, and in their homes and places of public worship, with contrite hearts, to beseech the mercy of God for the sins of the past and His blessing upon the worthier aims of the future.

"In the shadow of the locust plague, whose impending renewal threatens desolation of the land, let us humbly invoke, for the efforts we make in our defence, the guidance of that hand which alone is adequate to stay 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' Let us pray for deliverance from an affliction which robs the earth of her bounties, and in behalf of the sufferers therefrom let us plead for comfort to the sorrowful, healing for the sick, succour for the perishing, and larger faith and love for all who are heavily laden.

"Let us, moreover, endeavour to deserve a new prosperity by a new realization of the opportunity vouchsafed us, and a new consecration to those things which make for the well-being of men and the glory of God.

"J. S. PILLSBURY, Governor."

"Of course this attracted widespread attention and caused much comment. In the State, the Governor's

action was in general heartily endorsed, though a few so-called liberal leagues ridiculed his proclamation. One member of such a society wrote to the Governor and asked him carefully to take note of the condition of the grasshoppers the day before the day of prayer, and again the day after, to see the effect of the invocations which would go up from all the churches.

"Among the God-fearing people the proclamation created a profound impression. Though not prepared to hazard an opinion as to the probable effect of their united prayers, they resolved to observe the day in the most devout manner. I well remember hearing our minister read the proclamation from the pulpit, and then in solemn tones exhort his people to assemble in the house of worship on the twenty-sixth day of April, and there lend their voices to the general appeal for relief from an evil against which the power of man was helpless.

"In recalling that day, recently, Governor Pillsbury said: 'I never saw a stiller day in Minneapolis.'

"On this day all denominations forgot their creeds for the moment and the prayers of Protestant and Roman Catholic mingled in one fervent appeal for relief from the visible enemy that was destroying their State.

"The twenty-seventh of April, the day following the day of prayer, the sun shone clear and hot over Minnesota, and an almost summerlike warmth penetrated the moist earth, down to the larvæ of the myriads of grasshoppers. Quickened by this genial warmth, the young locusts crawled to the surface in numbers that made the countless swarms of the preceding sum-

mer seem insignificant; in numbers sufficient to destroy the crops and hopes of half a dozen States. For a day or two the mild and balmy weather lasted, then it grew colder, and one night the moist earth was frozen and with it the unhatched larvæ and the young and crawling locusts above ground. And though the earth thawed again in a few days, the locusts, with the exception of a scattering few, had disappeared. 'And,' to quote Governor Pillsbury, 'we have never seen any grasshoppers since.'"

ELEVEN

STEP BY STEP

XLVIII

ONE STEP ENOUGH

A YOUNG man was taking a bicycle tour through a country new to him. It was not always easy to follow the roads. Turns and crossroads were frequent. Often it was necessary to ask for other guidance than that furnished by the route book. Sometimes the directions given in answer to inquiries were puzzling, because of the multiplicity of details. He was told to turn to the right here, to the left there, to take the third road to the south after crossing the second main road beyond him, and so on—till he was so confused that there was danger of forgetting even the first turning. But once a man told him how to proceed for two or three miles, and added:

"I sha'n't burden you with any more. That is as much as you can remember. When you reach the point to which I have directed you, ask at the blacksmith shop for further directions."

The young man has often thought of that stranger's words when reading of Christ's dealings with His apostles. He told them many things about Himself and His mission in the world, about themselves and their duties to the world and to Him. As He talked to them, He was carefully watching to see how well they understood. When they could receive no more, He stopped short. "I have yet many things to say unto you," He added, "but you cannot bear them now." Then He promised that these other things

should be revealed to them in due time: "Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

Christ pursues the same progressive method of revelation with His children to-day. He does not show us everything at once. He does not cumber our minds with so many details that we are distressed, but He gradually reveals to us what He desires us to know. Truth follows truth, event follows event, not too rapidly, not too slowly, but just as we are able to bear them. Each truth and each event is planned by Him as a stepping-stone by means of which we are to be prepared for what follows. His revelation is in its method like geometry, which is based on a few axioms and principles, with propositions built on these, one by one.

What an answer to our longing to know what the future has in store for us! A knowledge of our future would overwhelm us, so God is revealing that future day by day, as He sees we are ready for it. We must just ask Him for directions every day and every hour, and await His revelations in the trust that sings:

"I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me."

XLIX

CARING FOR HIS OWN

A YOUNG man, a victim of consumption, went to Arizona in search of health. He fell among bad companions, and became a gambler and a drunkard. A local minister, eager to get him away from his associates, prevailed on a neighbouring missionary worker among the Indians to take him to the mission.

The missionary's three-year-old son became the almost constant companion of the guest, lavishing upon him the affection of his child heart. The physicians think that it was due to this intimate association with the sick man that the lad himself became infected within a year, disease manifesting itself in tuberculosis of the knee-joint.

The father put him under the care of a local physician, who told him that, in order to effect a cure, he must take him East for a long course of hospital treatment. As he was unable to do this, the disease developed rapidly. The parents could do nothing but pray for the child, who was wasting away before their eyes.

Then came a surprise. The missionary and his wife were, through the kindness of officials of the Santa Fé railway, given transportation to Topeka, Kansas, where the annual meeting of the directors of the mission was to be held. The boy, then five years old, was taken with them. After the mission meeting, a Kansas City specialist made a thorough X-ray ex-

amination, and declared there was every hope of saving both life and limb, provided an expensive course of treatment, which might require years, was at once undertaken.

This examination was made while the parents were on the way to Chicago to fill appointments in the interest of the mission. Delayed by the unexpected length of their stay at the doctor's office, and then by a street-car blockade, they missed their train for Chicago, the only train of the day carrying the inexpensive tourist sleeper which the travellers felt was all they could afford. There was another train in an hour, but this carried only first-class sleepers. How could they afford this expense? And yet it was necessary that the mother and the invalid should have the comfort of the sleeper. After earnest prayer they decided to make the best of their misfortune, and take the train.

A few hours after leaving Kansas City, a distinguished-looking man, slightly lame, walked through the sleeper and saw the boy. Pausing, he spoke to him. "Well, my little man, I see you carry crutches. When I was a little boy like you, I had to go on crutches a long time."

Then he entered into conversation with the father, saying, "When I was a boy, I was afflicted as your little one is. I have always felt that I did not have proper medical attention; hence my lameness. If you will put that little fellow in my care, I'll be glad to give him the best that science can do for him."

The generous proposition was not accepted immediately. It was made a matter of prayer during

the time of the Chicago trip. On returning to Kansas the following week, after further consultation with the lame man—who proved to be a well-known lawyer, and a director of the Santa Fé railway—arrangements were made by which the boy was taken to the leading hospital of Topeka. There he received the best of care. Later on he was taken East. After careful treatment he was sent home a well boy.

Many who learned these incidents said: "What if the party had not missed their train?" But one Christian said: "Isn't that just the way God takes care of His people? I am slowly learning not to fret over disappointments, for I know that

"'Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.'"

L

WHEN IT IS DARK

SOMETIMES, when days are gloomy and life seems full of disappointment, we fear that God has forgotten us. Christian friends remind us that He has promised never to forget His people. But we continue to doubt until His gracious presence compels recognition and trust, until the issue proves that He has been thinking of us, planning for us, all the time, and that the darkness and the disappointment are but necessary preparations for our happiness.

An incident in point is related by the Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Missouri, in his autobiography:

"When I graduated from Columbia in 1857, I was under engagement to go to Demopolis, Alabama, for a year or two, to be tutor to some boys in planters' families. In a month or two, however, a letter came from the Demopolis people regretting that they must cancel the engagement, as the hard times of '57 pressed them too sorely. I was in debt, and wished to teach in order to pay my debts; now I knew not what to do or which way to turn. It was in September. In despair I tried to get an engagement to teach a public school in a country district, but I failed. I was dispirited; life looked to me very dark; the disappointment about the Alabama engagement seemed to me to be the sorest I had ever been called on to bear. Yet in the event how kind was the leading of God's provi-

dence! Had I gone to Alabama, the few years spent there would doubtless have plunged me into active participation in the sad differences of the Civil War.

"In October I went to New York City to visit friends who had invited me. I answered advertisements for teachers, and I worried all my friends in letting them know I wanted an engagement. Discouragement doubly deep was settling down upon me when one day Dr. Anthon, my college professor in Greek, asked me to call on him. He told me of a boy who wished private lessons in Latin and Greek."

Before the week was out the young student was teaching eight and even ten hours a day, at a dollar an hour. Among the pupils were three whose fathers were later of great help to him. One of these was Bishop Potter, who, four years after the ordination of Mr. Tuttle, when he was an unknown village rector, recommended his appointment as missionary bishop of Montana, including (at first) Utah. A few years later, when the pioneer bishop was seeking funds for the erection of a church in Ogden, the father of another of the pupils in the days of student struggling furnished the necessary money, and a congregation was equipped for aggressive work.

And all this had come from the disappointment which had tried his faith! Yes, and more than this: for the later call to the Missouri field was the result of work done on the frontier.

There are dark days in the life of every child of God, when he is tempted to doubt. The only cure is in standing on the promise of Him who said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be

with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." When we find ourselves yielding to doubt, suppose we remind ourselves of Noah's experience in the ark. Those must have been trying days. Yet God remembered Noah, as he found when he came to pass out safely, with his family, to a prosperous future. And God will remember us.

"Fearest sometimes that the Father hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken;
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears."

LI

JUST WAITING FOR HIM

THE last Thursday of January, the Day of Prayer for Colleges, is spent by the Christian students of many institutions in personal work among their fellows. At Princeton University, the Philadelphian Society holds a prayer meeting the previous evening, when the members consecrate themselves to the work before them and ask God's blessing on their efforts.

At a recent religious conference a pastor who is known as a leader in Christian work told how he came to enlist in the ranks of Princeton's personal workers. I quote his own words as nearly as I can remember them:—

"It was my senior year. I was an active worker in the Philadelphian Society; at least, I attended the prayer meetings and usually took some part. But I had never done any personal work. I thought I could not. So I remained away from the consecration meeting before the day of prayer. Next evening I was in the room of a classmate.

"'I didn't see you at the meeting last night,' he said.

"'No,' I answered. 'I had to study.'

"But my friend paid no attention to my excuse. He gave me a very plain talk. He asked me what I thought of myself. What kind of Christian was I that I could content myself with a prayer now and then, without joining the fellows in individual work?

He talked to me for an hour. When he got through with me, I felt about as large as my little finger.

"As I climbed the winding stair to my room, I thought: 'You *are* a pretty Christian, aren't you? Here your associates have been doing the Master's work to-day, and you haven't spoken a single word for Christ.'

"Just then I saw a light in a room down the hall. 'There's my chance!' I thought, and instantly rushed to the door of that room and knocked. I would have given a good deal if there had been no answer. My heart sank as I heard the invitation, 'Come in!' There was nothing for it then. I went in and shut the door after me. I placed my back against it for support, and braced my feet. Then I blurted out, 'A——, I want to ask you why you are not a Christian.'

"It was a rather strange way to open the conversation, perhaps; and I rather expected the man to resent the question. But he must have seen the nervous strain under which I spoke, my eagerness, the tears in my eyes. He hesitated a moment, and said, 'I do want to be a Christian.'

"Then I tried to talk to him. I blundered away for a little while, and finally went off for one of my friends who had had more experience in dealing with enquirers. So I did not have the joy of welcoming that man to Christ. Three days later he confessed his Saviour before the students in the prayer meeting.

"That was the beginning. From that day I tried to be faithful in speaking to the students, and God blessed my efforts.

"There was one man, however, who roomed just across the hall, to whom I had never had the courage to say a word. He was the captain of the ball team on which I was pitcher. We talked often on other subjects. But he was a sceptic, and I was afraid of him.

"One night, near the end of the term, there was a knock at my door and the captain came in. The tears were in his eyes as he said: 'Why have you never spoken to *me* about my soul? No one has ever spoken to me like that.' The tears were in my eyes, too, by that time. We knelt together. Before he left the room he was trusting in the Saviour.

"From that day," the speaker continued, "I have striven to be faithful in individual work."

LII

LETTING GOD SHOW THE PATH

IF a traveller were going on a journey of a thousand miles through a country where few people go, would he choose to inquire as to his route from one who knew by experience the dangers of the first ten miles of one road through the region, or from another who had been over a second road from beginning to end and could picture it out because he saw it clearly in his own mind? Why are we not so wise when it comes to seeking directions for the journey of life? We can see a very little way, but God knows the whole of the way—He sees the end from the beginning. Yet so many persist in leaning upon their own understanding!

So often our trouble is that we see what we think are insurmountable difficulties and great handicaps and sorrows just ahead of us, if we take the way that God marks out for us; we think we can escape these things by choosing our own path. By taking this way we may succeed in avoiding some hard things, but how many others we encounter and how much joy we lose! As Dr. Richard S. Holmes has put the lesson:

"I shut my casement 'gainst the murky night,
The morning dawned, the world was bathed in light.

"So, bent to shield my heart from pain and grief,
I lost the joy that comes from pain's relief."

A young man who thought that he must have a business education if he was to be happy was denied his wish. He learned at last to commit his way unto the Lord. Then his days were happy and he found that God's plans for him were better than his own. In like manner a young woman who longed to teach school felt that life was empty because the way was closed to her. She groped by herself until she began to pray each day, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Then, little by little, life opened out before her in wonderful beauty.

The complaint is frequently heard that life is hard and complex. And it is, for those who act as if they thought they must direct their own steps. But it is so much easier and more simple for those who ask God to lead them. They have only to give themselves up to His direction, to let themselves go under His bidding. Could anything be simpler than that? Some persist in thinking such self-surrender difficult, but that is merely because they have not learned to trust God.

It is not enough vaguely to ask God once a year or once a month or even once a day to show us His way. The prayer must be specific, and it must be made for every hour, for every moment of the day. In the morning it is well to pray something like this:

"Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,

That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite."

But more than this is necessary. We know many of the problems that may come up for solution during the day. It is our privilege to ask for guidance in each one of them. And it is our privilege to continue the petition all day long. Then, at night, it is well to review the day to see just where we have failed in thought or word or deed, and why. "Because I didn't ask guidance or follow the path God showed me I should take" will so often be the only possible explanation of failure.

LIII

HOW GOD OPENED THE WAY

IN 1905 a Christian man, who had removed to the country from the city, tramped over the hills to a Sunday School missionary of whose activities he had heard, and begged him to visit the district in which he lived—a district cut off by the configuration of the land from easy communication with surrounding sections. Ministers had visited other points, and churches had been organized. But the people who lived in this region of perhaps twenty square miles had neither church nor Sunday School. They had had no regular preaching for at least seventeen years. And the Christian from town was hungry for the gospel.

"But I warn you there will be opposition from one man in the community, who has an evil reputation," the Christian warned the missionary. "He has sworn that he will not permit a church in our section. Better keep away from him."

The missionary went to the field as soon as possible. He found thirty-two houses in the district, all but four of these being log huts of one or two rooms. After inquiry he found but one professing Christian in these homes. He walked twelve miles from house to house, announcing a meeting at the schoolhouse. That night the building was crowded, and the people were eager to hear the message. A week of work followed. A Sunday School was organized, a farmer being chosen superintendent, "a good fellow, even if

he does believe that the earth is flat and has four corners," the missionary was told.

During the week of preparation the missionary visited one home where, with the mother and children, he began to sing. After some practice three voices were found to harmonize well.

"Now, if we only had a bass," the missionary remarked, "a quartette would be complete."

"Papa sings bass," said a little daughter of the house. So the father was asked to come in.

Now the missionary did not know that this father was the very man of whom he had been told to beware. The members of the family were not surprised when he refused to come in as requested. They sang on for some time without him. Then he stole into the room. For a while he stood at a distance, but finally he came near and looked at a book over the shoulders of his children. Then he began to hum. Soon he was singing. Several hymns were sung thus, when the missionary said, "Here is an old stand-by; let's sing it."

The father looked; it was "Rock of Ages." "That was my father's favourite hymn—and he was one of the best Christians who ever lived," was his only comment. He sang with the rest. But his voice broke almost at once. With the tears streaming down his cheeks, and sobs choking him so he could not speak, he turned and left the room.

The missionary's duties called him away until August, when he planned to return for a tent-meeting. But the tent went astray, and he had to preach in the schoolhouse. The evenings were sultry, but the peo-

ple could not be kept away. The house was crowded to the doors, the minister having barely standing-room. He preached thirty minutes the first time. "Is that all you can give us?" they asked. "Why do you cut us off so short?" So on succeeding nights he lengthened his sermons, until he was talking two hours.

At one of the early meetings of the series he gave an opportunity to his auditors to confess Christ. Instantly a man rose, with difficulty restraining his emotion, and came forward. It was the man who had broken down while singing "Rock of Ages" four months before. The Holy Spirit had been working in his heart all this time, and he could wait no longer. He was in earnest. That night he publicly confessed his sins. "It is about time I was saying a word for my Master when I haven't used His name in twenty years except with a curse," he said. Next day he went to neighbours far and near, and asked their forgiveness for wrongs he had done them. He made restitution in some cases. He wrote to individuals whom he could not reach in person.

That was the beginning of the revival. No further opportunity of confessing Christ was given until the last Sunday of the meetings, as the missionary felt the necessity of making thorough preparation. That Sunday morning the service was nearly three hours long. When the sermon was ended the speaker said: "Now I think you understand what acceptance of Christ involves. Will those who will take Him as their Saviour, who will promise to serve Him, rise to their feet?" He expected some response. But he

was astounded by the response which came. The congregation rose in a body. Only four retained their seats. The missionary thought the people must have misunderstood him. So he asked them to be seated. He talked to them for an hour longer, explaining the step he had asked them to take.

In the evening he talked to them two hours more, and again gave his invitation. Once more the congregation rose in a body. This time only two retained their seats. By tens and scores they came forward and took the hands of the speaker. Many who stood outside crowded in and joined the ranks of the converts. It was an evening the missionary will never forget.

In November a church was organized, and a Christian Endeavour society was formed. The man who was first reached by the singing of "Rock of Ages" became a leading worker. Soon the people of the district had stated preaching.

It is probable that none of these results would have been accomplished if the missionary had remained away from the home of the wicked man.

He would have remained away if he had had his own way. But God guided him.

TWELVE

SEQUELS OF HARDSHIP

LIV

THE ANSWER TO ONE "WHY?"

A CLERGYMAN was called from a country field to a distant city pastorate of some importance. He was not eager to make the change, until physicians told him that it would probably be beneficial to an invalid member of his family. Under the circumstances it seemed an opportunity sent by God, and not to be passed by.

At great expense he moved to the new field. His disappointment was great when a few months' experience proved that the invalid's health, instead of being improved, was worse in consequence of the change of location.

The minister sought an opportunity to move once more, chiding himself that he had been so blind as to look upon the call from the city as an indication of God's guiding hand in his life. For a time faith in God wavered as he thought of the sorrow which threatened his home. Again and again he asked himself, "Why was I permitted to take this unfortunate step?"

Some months elapsed, however, before he could return to a more congenial climate. During these months he threw himself earnestly into the work to which he had given his life. The one evening a week which was not claimed by his own church he gave to a little mission among the Jews, which had been carried on for some time with indifferent success.

Here his audiences were always attentive, but the work seemed to be fruitless.

One evening he went to the little chapel with heart burdened even more than usual. His eagerness for the salvation of the Jews, in whom he had become much interested, together with his own personal anxieties, weighed heavily upon him. At the close of his address, when an opportunity was given for questions or discussion, a young Jew rose in his place. The minister's heart sank; for the young man was a rabbi, an acknowledged leader among his people, who had openly boasted that he would attend the meeting and put the speaker to confusion. Hopelessly, then, the minister waited the onset. His astonishment can be imagined when the rabbi, instead of plunging into the expected argument, humbly confessed his Saviour, whom he had found during the service. "I came to scoff," he said; "I remain to confess my Lord."

That was the beginning of a promising work in the mission. The rabbi was soon afterward ordained and placed in charge of the mission whose progress he had sought to hinder.

And when, a little later, the opportunity came to the minister to remove his family to the country, he was no longer in doubt about God's hand in his life. He thought he understood why he had been led to the city, and his life is richer for the experience of distress out of which came joy.

LV

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MISFORTUNE

IN a volume of Antarctic explorations, "The Voyage of the *Discovery*," an incident is told that shows how God brought blessing out of what seemed disaster. Captain Scott, with several companions, was making a sledge journey across the ice. When some days' journey from the ship, they left provisions in a depot on the ice field in order to lighten their load and provide sustenance for the last days of the return trip. From this place they proceeded quite a distance. Then, in a storm, a book containing necessary data was lost, and it became impossible for the leader to tell his location each day. Thus, when the party started back in search of their depot, they had to guess their route. This was exceedingly difficult, as everything was white with snow and ice. For days they travelled. Food supplies became scarce. It was important that they should find their supplies very soon. One day they were ready to despair. They had found no familiar landmark. More, the wind was blowing a gale, and the air was so filled with snow that even if a familiar landmark had been seen, it could not have been recognized. They feared that they might never find their provisions.

Then came what seemed dire misfortune. While travelling across a treacherous bit of ice, one of the

men slipped, fell on his back, and began to slide down a cascade of the glacier. The other three or four men, roped to him, also lost their balance and followed him on their backs. For three hundred feet they slid in this perilous fashion over hummocks and rough places. At last their progress was stopped. Strange to relate, there were no broken bones. But—stranger still—when the men rose to their feet they found that, on the lower level where they stood, the air was clear, the wind was not blowing, and they could see clearly. They recognized familiar landmarks and realized that the depot they sought was only a few hundred yards from them.

If it had not been for the "accident" which had seemed so serious the men in that party might have died of starvation. In the words of the historian of the expedition: "I cannot but think that this sudden revelation of our position was very wonderful. Half an hour before we had been lost. I could not have told whether we were making for our own glacier or for any other, or whether we were ten or fifty miles from our depot. It was more than a month since we had seen any known landmark. Now, in this extraordinary manner, the curtain had been raised."

A similar incident. In 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Rijnhart, who were trying to enter Tibet for the purpose of doing independent missionary work, heard of Koko-nor, the beautiful inland sea of the grass country, and determined to visit it. With a guide and a servant they started. All went well for a time, and in anticipation they were already seeing the lake of their dreams, when the first of a series of misfortunes

occurred. Their mules broke away one evening and wandered out of sight. A night of anxiety followed. Two of the men hunted for the animals. At daybreak two of the mules returned of their own accord. While waiting for report of the third mule, six wild Tibetan robbers appeared and were about to plunder the little encampment. A show of force made them change their minds, and soon they rode away. The native guide declared that they would undoubtedly return with needed reënforcements. Thereupon the party determined that it was wise to turn back at once and wait for some more favourable opportunity to visit the lake. Regretfully they hurried homeward.

But when they reached Lusar, their temporary home, they understood why they had been hindered in their journey. A great uprising of Mohammedans had taken place during their absence and all the country between Lusar and the lake was overrun by a portion of the fanatic host, and every one encountered was being butchered. So the travellers rejoiced at the accidents which had driven them home. "The Divine Providence had indeed overshadowed us and directed our movements," they testified, in telling the story. "Had we gone on to the Koko-nor and attempted to return later we should have found our way intercepted."

Such incidents are continually occurring in our own lives. We cry out in alarm because of them. We feel grieved that God should permit such misfortunes to come to us. And then our complaints are cut short by some development which shows that God has been

all the time lovingly working out His plans for our welfare and we understand that what we have been calling a misfortune is but one stage in the preparation of good things for us.

LVI

DOES GOD CARE?

HE had been telling of the desperate situation in his home—sickness, financial embarrassment, uncertainty as to the future. It was a tale to move the least sensitive. But he was not dismayed.

"Why should I be?" he asked. "I know that God has promised to show the way to those who trust Him. I know I am to see the way some time, so just now I am working and trusting. Day by day I remind myself of God's gracious dealings with me in the past, and I feed on His faithfulness."

Then he told of a series of experiences the memory of which always shuts the door on the doubting question, "Does God care?"

He was pastor of a small church on a salary just sufficient to provide for the needs of his wife and five children. It had been impossible to take a summer vacation for several years, and the prospects were far from bright for the trip needed that summer. Yet he had been told that he must have rest and change. Suddenly the problem was solved—as he thought—when his Presbytery elected him a Commissioner to the General Assembly, which was to hold its sessions four weeks later in a city six hundred miles distant.

At once he began to plan for the two weeks' absence from his pulpit. A supply was arranged for, and it was agreed that his wife should go to a friend not far distant. The only damper on his happiness was

the fact that she would be unable to accompany him; he knew she needed the trip almost as much as he did.

He was to leave on Saturday, so as to be able to stop until Tuesday in Washington; thus he would have several days of sight-seeing and rest. But on Friday a member of his church died, and the funeral was set for Sunday. So he changed his plans at the last minute, sent word to the minister who was to have supplied for him, and decided to leave on Monday, immediately after a conference with the supply, which he would have had on Saturday morning if the original programme had been carried out.

But Monday morning came, and the minister failed to put in an appearance. The conference was important, so he allowed his train to go without him, though this would make necessary a tedious night trip to Washington, and would cut short his stay there to a few hours.

At last the supply minister came, reporting that he had been delayed. Then the afternoon train took the Commissioner to New York City. Connections there were close; he reached the terminal with but ten minutes to spare. To the agent he showed his special excursion ticket according to instructions, with the explanation that he must hurry for his train. The agent was not familiar with the form of ticket presented, and spent so much time studying it that the train for Washington departed without the owner.

A study of the time-table showed that it would be just as well to wait until Tuesday morning and take the through train. So he went to the home of a friend to remain over night. As he was admitted to

the home he heard his friend at the telephone responding to some inquirer:

"No, he isn't here; he was to leave for the West on the afternoon train."

The friend was about to hang up the receiver when the minister stepped to his side and grasped the instrument. The call was from the town where his wife was visiting; he was told that she had been taken ill suddenly and seriously. For several hours efforts had been made to reach him, as the physician said that his presence was advisable. The friend had been called in spite of the fact that the husband was thought to be on his way to Washington.

Pausing only to send word to his alternate to go to the General Assembly in his stead, the minister hastened to the bedside of his wife. For days he remained with her. For a time the issue was in doubt; then the tide turned, and the physician insisted that the presence of the husband with his wife in the emergency had done more to bring about her recovery than his own skill.

The physician then informed the minister that an entire change of scene was necessary for the invalid, who was worn out by long struggle with adversity. He declared that she ought to go to her home in Germany, taking the children with her. It seemed absurd to think of such a journey. But the way was opened when two members of the little church of which the husband was pastor asked for the privilege of paying the expense of filling the doctor's prescription.

"So I was with my wife when she needed me, and

she had the rest and change that meant new health to her," the minister concluded.

"But how about your own rest and change?" he was asked.

"Oh, God took care of that, too, and in a far better way than I had planned. I was able to get along without the vacation for two years. Then—to my surprise—Presbytery chose me a Commissioner to the General Assembly, which met that year in Denver. Thus I had a trip more than three times the length of that originally planned for, and to a part of the country I had longed to visit."

He paused a moment. There were tears in his eyes, and his voice broke, as he said:

"You see why I say it is all going to come out right. Always I am saying, 'For this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death,' and again, 'The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.'"

LVII

HOW GOD GUIDED STANLEY

EVER since Henry M. Stanley became famous through his discovery of Livingstone in Africa, and his later explorations in the Dark Continent, there were rumours of the adventures of his early life. But the complete story was not known until the day when his widow, Dorothy Stanley, gave to the world a record, of which one reviewer said:

"Not even the circumscribed youth of our own Lincoln, perfect type of the self-made American, equalled in pathos the early experience of John Rowlands, better known as Henry M. Stanley."

In the introduction to the first chapters of the book, which are autobiographical, Stanley says: "From the soft, tender atom in the cradle I became a football to chance, till I grew in hardihood and learned to repel kicks." Whether he was right in making this statement may be judged from an outline of the years of preparation for his life work as an explorer.

His father died when he was a few weeks old. His mother soon left him to the care of his grandfather, who was one of the retainers of Denbigh Castle, in Wales. The grandfather treated him cruelly, often beating him; he died with a threat on his lips to give the boy a sound beating. After his death, his uncles agreed to pay the man and woman who kept the bowling green of the castle half a crown a week for his maintenance. But one of the uncles soon married,

and both seemed to lose interest. The half-crown a week was no longer paid, and those who boarded him became alarmed at his appetite. They determined to get rid of him, and on the pretence that they were sending him to see his Aunt Mary, they delivered him over to the tender mercies of the keeper of the St. Asaph Union Workhouse.

And what a tyrant the workhouse keeper proved to be! He was always beating the boys committed to his care. Here is the description of his habits of discipline:

"Though a tremendously rough and reckless striker with his fists or hand, such blows were preferable to deliberate punishment with the birch, ruler, or cane, which with cool malice he inflicted. These instruments were always kept ready at hand. It simply depended upon how far his victim was from him, or how great was his fury, as to which he would choose to castigate us with. If we happened to be called up to recite our lessons, then the bony hand flew mercilessly about our faces and heads, or rammed us in the stomachs until our convulsions became alarming. If, while at the desk, he was reading to us, he addressed a question to some boy, the slightest error in reply would either be followed by a stinging blow from the ruler, or a thwack of his blackthorn. If a series of errors was discovered, then a vindictive scourging of the offender followed, until he was exhausted or our lacerated bodies could bear no more."

On at least one occasion it was known that a boy was beaten to death by this cruel man. How many other deaths were caused by him could be only guessed.

The boys were in constant fear of such an end for themselves.

"Day after day little wretches would be flung down on the stone floor in writhing heaps, or stood, with blinking eyes and humped back, to receive the shock of an ebony ruler, or were sent pirouetting across the school from a ruffianly kick, while the rest suffered from sympathetic terror during such exhibitions, for none knew what moment he might be called to endure the like. Every hour of our lives we lived and breathed in mortal fear of the cruel hand and blighting glare of one so easily frenzied."

But punishment was not all. The boys were made to do hard work, beyond their strength:

"The hard tasks imposed upon us, such as sweeping the playground with brooms more suited to giants than little children, the washing of the slated floors when we were stiff from caning, the hoeing of frost-bound ground, when every stroke on it caused the nerves to quiver, the thinly-clad body all the while exposed to a searching wind; the compelling us to commit whole pages to memory during the evenings; in these, and scores of other ways, our treatment was ferocious and stupid."

But Stanley's memories of the workhouse were not all bitter. He declared that to the training there he owned his reverence for God and his love for the Bible. He declared that the fear of doing wrong intentionally, the feeling of reverence, the impulse of charity, the possession of a conscience, were all due to the religious instruction at St. Asaph. "Without this teaching," he wrote, "I should have been little

superior to the African savage. It has been the driving power for good, the arrester of evil. It has given me an acute and perceptive monitor, able by its own delicacy to perceive evil, no matter how deceptive its guise. It has formed a magnet by which to steer more straight than I could otherwise have done."

When Rowlands was twelve years old, his mother was an inmate of the workhouse for a short time. How his heart burned within him as he learned that she was near, and how eager he was to look upon her face! The reality, however, was very different. She received him coolly.

The end of the horrible days at the workhouse came in consequence of the brutality of the master. Some one of the boys had slightly injured a new deal table. When all denied guilt, they were ordered to prepare for punishment in a most humiliating manner. John Rowlands' manhood revolted. He refused to do as he was told, saying, respectfully, that he had not told a lie. The master went for him like a wild beast.

"The words had scarcely escaped me ere I found myself swung upward into the chair by the collar of my jacket, and flung into a nerveless heap on the bench. Then the passionate brute pummelled me in the stomach until I fell backward, gasping for breath. Again I was lifted and dashed on the bench with a shock that almost broke my spine. What little sense was left in me after three repeated shocks made me aware that I was smitten on the cheeks right and left, and that soon nothing would be left of me, but a mass of shattered nerves and bruised muscle."

The bruised boy used his one chance to protect him-

self, aiming a kick at the cruel master. The brute fell to the floor senseless. Frightened, Rowlands determined to escape. With a companion, he left at once, and made his first attempt to face the world.

His first thought was of his relatives. Perhaps his grandfather on his father's side, a farmer in comfortable circumstances, would assist him. Wearily he trudged over the miles to the grandfather's home, sleeping out-of-doors, and begging bread from door to door, only to be received coldly with the message, "You can go back the way you came. I can do nothing for you, and have nothing to give you." A visit to one of his uncles, a butcher, brought no better result. The second uncle had no place for him. As a last resort he went to a cousin, a schoolmaster. "My cousin was my last chance," he wrote. "If he refused his aid, my fate must necessarily be that of a young vagabond."

The schoolmaster promised to help him, if he would first go to his mother's farm, where he would be fitted out with clothes for his new life at the school. At the farm he had no vacation, for he was everybody's drudge. "I trimmed hedges," he said of his tasks, "attended the sheep, cleaned the byre, fed the stock, swept the farmyard, cut and stacked fuel, drove Dobbin to Rhyl station for coal." Then he churned, or milked, or prepared the oven for baking, played fag to the son of the house, a year younger than himself, mowed, ploughed, sowed, sheared sheep, and mixed pig-swill.

At the school he was made monitor of the second class. At first he was kindly used, but after a while

the cousin seemed to regret that he had taken in the homeless lad. He treated him so miserably that he was glad to leave the place.

The next scene was in Liverpool, where disheartening experiences at making a living made him ready to listen to the seemingly kind words of a sea captain who urged him to ship as cabin-boy. The kindness lasted until the vessel was at sea. Then Rowlands learned that he was the victim of the captain's often-worked trick to secure a strong boy without having him sign the ship's papers; in this way he could not be held accountable for what happened to the lad.

Rowlands accordingly was made to do the hardest work on the ship. His life was made unbearable. At New Orleans he was glad to leave the vessel, without receiving a cent of pay. This, he learned, was just what the captain wished; he proposed to treat every boy so badly that he would be glad to steal away at the end of a two months' voyage, leaving his pay in the captain's hands.

Absolutely penniless, he knew that he must find work. But how could he do this, in a strange city? He started up Tchapitoulas Street. Seeing a kindly appearing man in front of a large store, he asked, "Do you want a boy, sir?"

That question was the turning point of Rowlands' life. The man was Henry M. Stanley, who was so favourably impressed with the lad that he took him inside, introduced him to the proprietors, and secured him a position at five dollars a week. Faithful work made him invaluable to his employers, and he was soon receiving better wages.

Establishing himself in the attic room of a small boarding-house, he saved his money and secured necessary clothing. Then he began to invest in books, at a little stall. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Spenser's "Faerie Queen," "Paradise Lost," "Plutarch's Lives," and a history of the United States were among the volumes which he read with eagerness.

He was received in the house of the Stanleys. Mr. Stanley's business kept him from home most of the time. During one of his absences Mrs. Stanley was taken sick and died. She sent for John Rowlands, who cared for her as if he had been her son. Then the body was taken to St. Louis for burial.

Not long after the boy lost his position through no fault of his own. He went to St. Louis to look for work, hoping to find Mr. Stanley. But Mr. Stanley had returned to New Orleans. When Rowlands' money was gone, and no work was open, he worked his way on a raft to New Orleans. There he found Mr. Stanley, who at once told the homeless lad of his intention to adopt him, in remembrance of his kindness to Mrs. Stanley.

Then followed a season of unusual companionship. Mr. Stanley was an unusual man, whose ideas about life and duty, God and religion, were most helpful to his son.

After a time Mr. Stanley was called to the West Indies. He never returned, but died there. The boy Henry went to Arkansas, and was at work there when the Civil War began. He did not enlist for some time, because he felt no interest in the struggle of the South. Finally he did go to the war, was taken pris-

oner at the battle of Shiloh, imprisoned near Chicago, became a Union soldier, and then a man-of-war's man. When the war was over, he became a newspaper correspondent. It was as a newspaper correspondent that he was sent by the New York *Herald* to find Livingstone.

This is a bare outline of the early years of one who was long adrift, but who found that—to use the words he himself quoted in his autobiography:

"The world was all before me, where to choose,
And Providence my guide."

He did not hesitate to go out into the world, to trust in God to guide him, to pray to God to be shown how to do His work. And the world knows the result.

LVIII

THE SEQUEL TO THE FUNERAL

IT was the first Friday evening in September. The pastor was weary because of a long railway journey; he had just returned from a most enjoyable summer vacation. How he congratulated himself that there were no emergency calls for Saturday! He promised himself a good rest for Sunday. To be sure, there were certain calls that should be made before the communion service to be held the second Sunday in the month—calls on people who might be persuaded to unite with the Church. As yet there were no names on his list of applicants for church membership, and he had begun to fear that it might be necessary to pass a communion season without a single accession.

Late Friday night there came a ring at the telephone. Would it be possible for him to conduct a funeral service thirty miles in the country the next afternoon? When he learned that the family of the man who had died was in no way connected with his church or congregation he was about to refuse; but the message was added:

"I am coming up to see you. Can you wait for me?"

He agreed to wait, but the words were no sooner spoken than he tried to recall them. Too late! There was no response to his call for attention. So he hung up the receiver, and sat down to think.

Of course he could not go—it was absurd to think of it. The people had no claim on him or on his church; they did not attend any church. Why should they demand his precious time for a long jaunt out of the city? Thirty miles away—think of it! He would be so tired when evening came. It would not be just to his people. Then, if he began the work of Sunday tired out, he would not be in fit condition for the important duties of the days preceding communion. So he would have to tell his caller that it would be necessary for him to look elsewhere.

The caller proved to be a rather unprepossessing-looking man, a labourer, evidently. He was the son of the man who had died. He lived about a mile from the church, down near the river; the pastor recognized the place as a tenement-house where he had made two or three calls, though on another family.

The young man told the pastor that it was the purpose to have the funeral service at a little country cemetery, a few miles from his father's birthplace. The father had for years longed to get back to the country, but had been unable to go. Now his family felt that the old home cemetery was the only place they could select.

It was explained that the branch road running near the cemetery had but two trains a day, one in each direction, so it would be necessary for the party to start at seven o'clock in the morning. That called for a brief service at the house at six o'clock. The train was due at the station where vehicles would be in waiting at about nine o'clock. An hour more would be required to reach the cemetery. There would be no

necessity for hurry, however, as the return train was not due until five o'clock.

As he told him these details the pastor reasoned that it was absurd to think of asking him to take the trip. From beginning to end it was an impossible proposition. His Sunday sermons were not entirely ready. He had no right to tire himself out for his first Sunday after vacation by such a funeral as this. What inconsiderate people the family must be to ask such a thing! His church would justly feel aggrieved if he should say yes. He could not; he would not.

"I know it is asking a good deal of you, Doctor," the man put in, as he noted his hesitation. "But we want to do the best we can for father. We haven't any claim on you, and we wouldn't find any fault if you should say no. But if you could only say yes!"

A brilliant thought came to the pastor. He would compromise. He would go to the house, but not to the country. It meant a good deal to go out for a six-o'clock funeral service. The family would surely appreciate this sacrifice on his part, and could not say that he had turned from them indifferently because he did not take the country trip with them.

"I'm afraid it will be impossible for me to go with you on the trip back to the country home," he began. "But I want to help you all I can in your sorrow, so I am coming to the house. I am not used to getting up at five o'clock," he added, thinking it just as well to give him an idea of the trouble he was willing to undergo for him, "but I think I can manage to wake in season."

There was nothing for the labouring man to do but

agree to the terms offered. He realized that the pastor had not offered him even half a loaf; yet he tried to be grateful.

The pastor watched him as he went down the front walk and until he had passed into the gloom beyond the electric light. Then he went to bed.

But not to sleep. Somehow he could not get away from the thought that he had not done just the right thing. Here he had been away for a long vacation, spending thirty days in solid enjoyment, resting up for hard work. Now he was turning away from hard work. What if the people who wanted him were total strangers? Was he not the servant of One who paid as much attention to strangers as to His intimate friends? Why should he decide that they were asking too much of him? Had his Master ever told him that he was asking too much of Him?—yet he had made some very ill-considered requests.

The clock struck twelve. He told himself that he must go to sleep, if he expected to wake at five. Turning over, he tried to compose his mind, and was succeeding well, when a question came to him so vividly that it seemed that some one had surely spoken.

"If you were sure of a twenty-five-dollar fee for the trip, would you hesitate?"

There was no getting away from the question asked by his own conscience. He had to answer it. Yes, under such circumstances, it would seem possible to arrange the trip.

"Very well, then; there is nothing to do but go to-morrow for those poor people who can not think of giving the minister a fee."

That settled it! And now he had no difficulty in getting to sleep. The next thing he remembered was the sound of the five-o'clock bell of the nearby church.

When he reached the poor little rooms in the tenement where the family were gathered for the service, he sought the son.

"I have found that it will be entirely possible for me to go with you to-day," he began. "Do you still want me, or have you made other arrangements?"

"I didn't try to make other arrangements. I thought if you wouldn't go there was no use asking anybody else."

At the end of the railway ride all were loaded into lumber-wagons—the casket itself was put in a wagon—and the company started over a rough road, which was an embankment rising in the midst of lowlands overflowed by backwater from the river. It was a dreary trip. But the reception at the cemetery was drearier still. The grave was full of water, and the sides had caved in. A long wait was necessary while damages were repaired.

That hour gave the pastor an opportunity not to be neglected. He had a talk with the widow, and her two daughters. The mother told him of her training in a Christian home, of her marriage to a profane man, of the irreligious home in which her children had been brought up. Her heart was tender, and it was not difficult to lead her to see her duty to begin a new life. The daughters, too, responded to his pleadings.

Then he found the son, standing under a nearby tree. It was a little harder to win his confidence, but at last the pastor succeeded. The talk was interrupted

by the call of the farmers who had been repairing the grave.

One of these farmers took the party home for dinner. The long afternoon presented a splendid chance to renew the conversation with the young man.

It was nearly nine o'clock that night when the pastor reached home. He was very weary, and the sermons for next day were not in good shape. But he did not for one instant regret that he had gone to the country.

The next day he called at the poor little tenement home, and at the nearby rooms where the son lived with his wife. The long talks of the Saturday before were followed up during these calls.

The result was apparent on Communion Sunday, the day when the pastor had feared there would be no accessions to the church. There were five new members—the widow, her two daughters, and the son made four. The fifth was the widow of a man whose funeral the pastor had attended just before going away for the August vacation. Success with the four had inspired him to seek her and ask her to unite with the Church.

Would those members have united with the Church if the pastor had followed his first impulse by coming away from the house of mourning after a brief service?

Hundreds of times he shuddered as he asked himself this question. Then the resolve was renewed that he would always respond to a call for service, no matter how unreasonable the call might seem, if it was at all possible to do so.

THIRTEEN

THEN DO NOT WORRY

LIX

HIS MEDICINE

A TRAVELLING man for a wholesale dry goods house returned from his winter trip, cheerful and contented, for he had sold more than twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods. The morning after reaching the city he began to select the various pieces of dress goods, of ribbons, of laces, and other things necessary to fill his orders.

Soon, however, he found a shortage in a number of lines he had promised for early delivery. Annoyed, he turned to other parts of his work, only to discover more shortages. He feared he must wait until the goods came from the factories, or from abroad. Meantime, his customers would be disappointed, and he would be blamed.

So he began to fret and worry. His usually smiling face became clouded. He was short and curt with his friends that morning. He could not sleep that night. He could only think of the twelve hundred and sixty-eight pieces he was short.

"Then I took myself to task," he said to his friend, in telling the story. "'I cannot help the shortage,' I thought. 'I am doing my best. Then why worry and punish others as well as myself?' So I decided it was time to take a dose of the medicine which had always done its work for me. I repeated, over and over again, the words of Dr. Deems:

"'The world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide:
Then do not hurry.

"'That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest:
Then do not worry.'

"At once my nerves became quieter, and I was more calm. I felt more like smiling, and I was not so curt. I went about my work as if I had all day before me. And in a day or two I found that I had collected over four hundred of the missing pieces.

"In the course of my work I encountered another salesman who was as short as I had been. He knew of my disappointment and vexation; he had noted my altered demeanour; and he remarked about it: 'How is it you can go whistling about your work, with a smile for everybody you meet, and looking as if you never had a trouble, when I know you are in just as bad shape as I am?'

"Then I told him about the medicine. I repeated the lines. At first he sneered. But, as I finished, his look altered. 'There may be some good in that medicine,' he said. 'Repeat the lines once more, please.' I repeated them for him, and then told him their history:

"'Ten or twelve years ago I was at a Christian Endeavour convention in Philadelphia when Dr.

Deems made an address. He said that he had been laid aside by sickness for two months, and that, when he was able to use his pen, he found an appalling amount of work awaiting him. On his desk was a pile of letters a foot high. There were sermons to be prepared, articles to be written, addresses to be made ready. His heart failed him, as he thought of the gigantic tasks before him.

"'Then he turned from it all and hastily scribbled the lines which attracted your attention. He read them over, and resolved to take a dose of his own medicine. Leisurely and calmly he attacked the pile of letters. Then he wrote an article or two. Then he had to turn to the preparation of his Philadelphia address. And he opened it by telling the story of his trouble and its cure, thus giving the lines to the world for the first time. He repeated them until the thousands of young people present knew them word for word. Many went home from that convention resolved to take his medicine. That is how I came to have it with me.'

"My friend said he thought it was medicine worth taking. He asked me to repeat the lines a third time. And in a few moments he turned to his work, *his* worry laid aside, and a smile on *his* face. I see him several times each day, and seem to hear in his steps as he goes about his tasks, the echo of the words:

"'The world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide:
Then do not hurry.

"'That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest:
Then do not worry.'"

LX

HOPE—AND NO HOPE

IN February, 1823, a company of travellers were on their way from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Albany, New York. They were packed in a sleigh whose driver soon lost his wits through visits to the barrooms by the roadside. The weather changed, and rain began to fall in torrents. The open sleigh afforded slight protection to its occupants. Two of these attracted the attention of a fellow-passenger, who afterwards wrote of them.

One was a young girl of seventeen, who was returning from school to her home. A slight little thing, she shrank from every discomfort. The other was a young man, a New York law student. He monopolized the conversation; "spoke long and loud about priestcraft and witchcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the Bible of Mahomet was better than the Acts of the Apostles. He said the stories about hell were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death, at the worst, was only a leap in the dark, which no one should fear."

A few minutes after this speech of the braggart, the drunken driver declared that the rain had ruined the sleighing, and he proposed to take to the river. The passengers remonstrated, but their pleas were unavailing. When near Newburgh, the drunken man took to the ice, which was covered with water to a depth of two feet. The wind was blowing a gale,

" and the waves rolled as if no ice were under." The passengers trembled. At any moment they might run into an airhole. To make matters worse, the rain changed to snow. The driver could not longer see even the heads of his horses. The banks were steep, and it was useless to attempt a landing for a mile or more. Hardened travellers blanched with fear.

The young man who had just spoken the boastful words attracted the attention of his companions. " Ten minutes before he looked stout enough and fierce enough to have made the passage of Lodi, on the right hand of Bonaparte; but now he sat in dismay, and trembled in every limb. He was like one without hope."

The young girl, on the contrary, was quiet. When she realized her danger, " she took from her basket a little red book, in which she read about a minute. As she replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face toward the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. As she opened her eyes, the hue of fear, which for a moment had blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadow of a showery cloud on the side of a green hill on an April morning. During the remainder of the perilous ride, she sat composed, but spoke not."

After the danger had been safely passed, the passenger who later told the tale asked the young woman what there was in her little book which had helped her so. She answered that she had merely read the text for the day in her copy of " Daily Food ": " As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about His people." In order to draw her

out, her questioner remarked: "Miss, there be many who say this Book is all delusion." The answer is worthy of note: "They may call it what they please—but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life."

In telling the incident, the traveller said: "I thought I saw before me hope and no hope: hope in the person of this young woman who could not so much as set her foot upon the ground for very delicacy, yet she neither screamed nor wrung her hands, but was strong in her faith; and no hope, in the person of this young man, who from strength of body and vigour of mind might have passed for one of the very lords of the earth—but he sat unstrung and feeble as a child."

That contrast is as old as the world. Men and women have passed their lives in idle gratification of self, laughing at the faith of those who believe in God, only to shrink in terror at the approach of death. But how many there are whose feet are firmly planted on the promises of God, and they cannot be moved when danger threatens. Theirs is the faith which sings:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not—desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

It is Browning who tells, in "Instans Tyrannus," of a ruler who, for some unexplained reason, hated one of his subjects and attempted his undoing. He punished him, but did not succeed in making him cringe.

He sought to break his heart by pursuing his relatives, but was balked in this. Finally he determined that he would not be defeated in his purpose, even if the cost of success were half his kingdom. In his own words:

"So I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creep-hole, with never a break,
Ran my fires for his sake;
Overhead did my thunder combine
With my underground mine:
Till I looked from my labour content
To enjoy the event.

"When sudden . . . how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend?"
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!
Do you see! Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, I *was afraid."*

LXI

C-A-P-T-A-I-N

THE great steel steamship with its load of summer excursionists ploughed its way down Lake Huron. Scores of vessels were sighted and passed, yet not a salute was exchanged with any of them. Passengers who were taking the trip for the first time wondered whether their captain never took notice of other boats.

After a while the waters became shallow, and the shore line approached on either side. The picturesque St. Clair Flats, with their scores of cottages, were near.

Then a deck-hand was seen placing a small cannon on the bridge. While many were questioning about the use to be made of it, a gun was fired from the pier of a large hotel. Instantly the gun on the bridge sent an answering shot. For half an hour the captain was kept busy responding to greetings. From cottages large and small, from other hotels, from smaller pleasure-boats, they came in rapid succession. Little groups standing on the balconies or on the piers vied with one another as they used their megaphones.

The vessel was passing the last cottage. A party of young people on the front steps had shouted their message, and the captain had responded. Then he took his hand from the whistle-cord, and looked ahead. But those whose eyes were still on the cottage saw a

pantomime. A little lad was reaching for the megaphone. An older member of the party held it out of his reach. He seemed to be pleading for it. In a moment it was placed in his hands. Instantly he raised it to his mouth, and pointed it toward the vessel, which was already drawing away from the cottage. Then this message came over the water, in a pleading, childish voice:

"C-a-p-t-a-i-n! Won't you salute me, too?"

Many hearts were stirred as they heard the request. The captain's heart was reached, too, for he pulled the whistle-cord, and sounded such a salute as had not been given before that day.

Then once more the megaphone was lifted by the little hands, and the faint answering call was heard:

"T-h-a-n-k y-o-u, captain!"

Observers wondered what was said to the lad as he asked for the megaphone. It must have been a word of discouragement: "You're too little. The captain won't pay any attention to you. Then your voice will not carry so far!" But he was not to be turned from his purpose. His actions said: "I'm going to try it! He answers others; I believe he'll answer me!" And his faith was justified.

When the tempter tries to keep us from trusting in God by suggesting that we are so insignificant that God will not concern Himself about us and our affairs, let us recall the lad of the St. Clair Flats. And when God rebukes our weak faith and shows us by His providential care that He is as anxious to give good things to us as to any one else, shall we be less mindful of His goodness than was the boy at the mega-

phone of the courtesy of the captain? Let us never forget the "Thank you" that should always come from the heart of the subjects of God's wonderful care.

LXII

THE CAPTAIN IS WITH US

THE decks were crowded as the Chicago steamer approached Mackinac. Eager passengers were waiting for the opportunity to step on the pier and rush through the fort and the old Indian church of the French village. The laughter of children and the chatter of their elders could be heard above the noise of the machinery.

A young man watched and listened. Only a few weeks before he was one of a similar crowd, and was just as eager as the rest. Then he was on his way to the wooded islands nearby, where, with a few friends, he had planned for a summer's vacation. Two weeks he had spent in the camp. And how well he remembered those weeks! How free from worry and care his life was then! And why not? Was he not the only son of a man who, if not wealthy, was at least able to afford many luxuries for his family? Was he not halfway through college? Didn't all the fellows say he was one of the most popular men in his class?

But all this was changed. He wondered if he would ever again know what it was to be free from care. For, at the end of his second week in camp, the little launch which made daily trips from Mackinac had brought him an imperative message, recalling him to his home. On reaching Chicago he had learned of his father's sudden death. Then the day after the

funeral the lawyer had told him the estate was so seriously involved that it would be necessary to give up the comfortable home in the city and rent a cottage in one of the suburbs.

The news had stunned him. It did not make so much difference that he must give up the best of his summer's pleasure. He had no more heart for the camp-fire and the company of his friends. But it was so hard to think of giving up college, and the course in the medical school which was to have followed his graduation. The class would graduate without him. Many of the men, fully equipped, would, in a few years, be leaders in professional life. And he would be left behind—to sit in some stuffy office, working for an unsympathetic employer. He would never be heard of in the world of affairs.

He thought of all these things as the steamer lay at the wharf. He thought of the coming separation from his friends when, a few hours later, he would be back at the island camp. He dreaded their pity and their friendly words of sympathy more than the parting. How could he endure it all? Life was hard —so hard!

To be sure, the lawyer—an old family friend—had tried to comfort him by telling him the estate might, in a year or two, be in such shape that he could return to college. And his invalid mother had pleaded with him to remember that God, whose servant he was, had promised to be with him and sustain him in every event of his life.

"But they don't know anything about what I have to bear," he thought. "They think they do. They're

both as kind as they can be. But it's a case of a heart knowing its own bitterness."

The passengers were beginning to come back now. The first little companies walked leisurely, as if conscious that there was plenty of time. But, as the minutes passed, and the hour approached when the steamer was to resume its journey, the groups of returning sight-seers hurried down the pier as if fearing they might be late.

Listlessly the young man watched. How foolish they were, he thought, to hurry so when they knew there were yet many minutes to spare!

At last everybody seemed to be on board. Yet the vessel did not cast loose from her moorings. What was wrong? He began to wonder, for the big steamers of the Mackinac line always run on express schedule. Fifteen minutes passed; a half-hour. Then a party of four or five was seen stepping from the street to the pier. The captain must have known there were still a few to come and had waited for them.

But did they not know they were late? They were walking very leisurely. Why didn't they run? It would serve them right if the boat should go without them. For the moment he forgot his own troubles as he watched them.

"Some folks are foolish," he thought. "They never know when to worry!"

When the little party was nearer some one shouted: "Hurry up! You'll be late!"

But the only answer was a wave of the hand from a young girl who had heard the call. A moment

later, when she was nearer the vessel, she shouted, in explanation:

"We don't need to hurry, and we don't need to worry! Don't you see the captain is with us? We've kept him in sight all the time. We knew it was safe to stay where he was."

At that the passengers smiled. Some of them cheered. They admired the young girl's bright looks and appreciated her spirited reply.

The young man smiled with the others—but for another reason. The girl had spoken a message to his heart.

"She said she would not worry because the captain was with her," he thought. "And she would have been foolish if she had worried. Then how foolish I am to worry when I have my Captain, Jesus Christ, by my side. I've been forgetting about Him. I thought I was alone—that I was in danger of being left behind in the battle with the world. And He is with me all the time. He has said He would never leave me. . . . I've worried enough. Now I'll look at my Captain and trust, no matter what happens to me, and in spite of all that others may say."

LXIII

THE GOODNESS OF GOD

A PASTOR, talking to children of his Communion class about God, told of a man who, because of trials which had come upon him, declared that God is not good. Turning to a member of the class, a bright boy of fourteen, he asked:

"What would you say if any one should make that statement in your hearing?"

Instantly, his eyes flashing, his fists clenched, indignation revealing itself in his voice as well as in his words, he replied:

"I'd tell him he lied!"

Perhaps the answer was not as polite as it might have been; but the boy had the right idea, and he was ready to defend it. It was refreshing to note the certainty of his convictions about God, and to feel that some day he would be ready to repeat the more peaceful challenge of the Psalmist, "O taste and see that the Lord is good."

How much that old Saxon word "good" expresses! The shades of meaning are manifold, for we use the word almost every hour of our lives. But take every one of these meanings, and it is descriptive of a phase of God's goodness, goodness so great that man cannot conceive it; it surpasses infinite thought. Even those who rose to such lofty conceptions of God that their thoughts constitute our sweetest hymns of praise to-day, could only look up in adoration and sing,

"Surely, God is good to Israel;" "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;" "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good." Goodness—goodness—goodness—this is the keynote of the most beautiful of the Psalms.

How those praises of the Lord are echoed by the Christian who from individual experience is able to bear testimony to the goodness of God! Years of life in dependence upon Him have brought him to the point where he is able to recognize God's hand in all that comes to him. Frequently that testimony will be given by one who is lying on a bed of suffering. But there is no doubtful word in his mouth. He knows that God is good, and whatever his trials, his one triumphant thought is:

"God's in His heaven;
All's right with the world."

A young man in college who was supporting himself sometimes did not know where the necessary amount to meet his bills was to be secured, and he was worried. One day when everything was dark and he feared that he must leave college and give up cherished plans for his life work, he received a letter from a friend. The writer, powerless to help in any other way, pointed the student to God, and reminded him of the Father's goodness. He said, in substance:

"The covenant which enfolds you is a priceless heritage; expect great things from it, just in proportion as you make this possible by yourself honouring it. 'Them that honour Me I will honour' is not the

catch phrase of a low bargain, but the memorial of a prodigious and gracious opportunity. Hold to it with a deathless grip—that is, the grip of faith. As I grow older, I find it inexpressibly restful and invigorating, and also unutterably sweet, to rest on this. God is good—good—good. He is gentleness itself, shaping Himself to our state, even our infirmities; with infinite and most gracious plasticity, fitting Himself to our deformed figures and crooked ways with untold affection and unspeakable skill. Trust Him wholly, and make loyalty to Him and to your purposes, shaped by His providence, the cardinal rule of life. This will pay a thousandfold, in a thousand ways, beyond all expectation."

That letter was penned by a man who, at the moment of writing, was passing through an experience which would test the faith of any man. But his faith remained steadfast, because he knew that the Lord is good.

It is this certainty of the goodness of God which enables the Christian to live in fulness of joy, and to sing His praises night and day, echoing the words of the ages: "Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee, which Thou hast wrought for them that take refuge in Thee, before the sons of men!"

CINCINNATI BIBLE COLLEGE & SEM. LIBRARY
231.5 F228b main
Faris, John Thomson/The book of God's pr
3 4320 00035 9770

231.5 F228b
Ac. #57422
Faris, John Thomson
The book of God's providence

GEORGE MARK ELLIOTT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

231.5 F228b
Ac. #57422
Faris, John Thomson
The book of God's providence